WORLD SOCCER

NOVEMBER 1967

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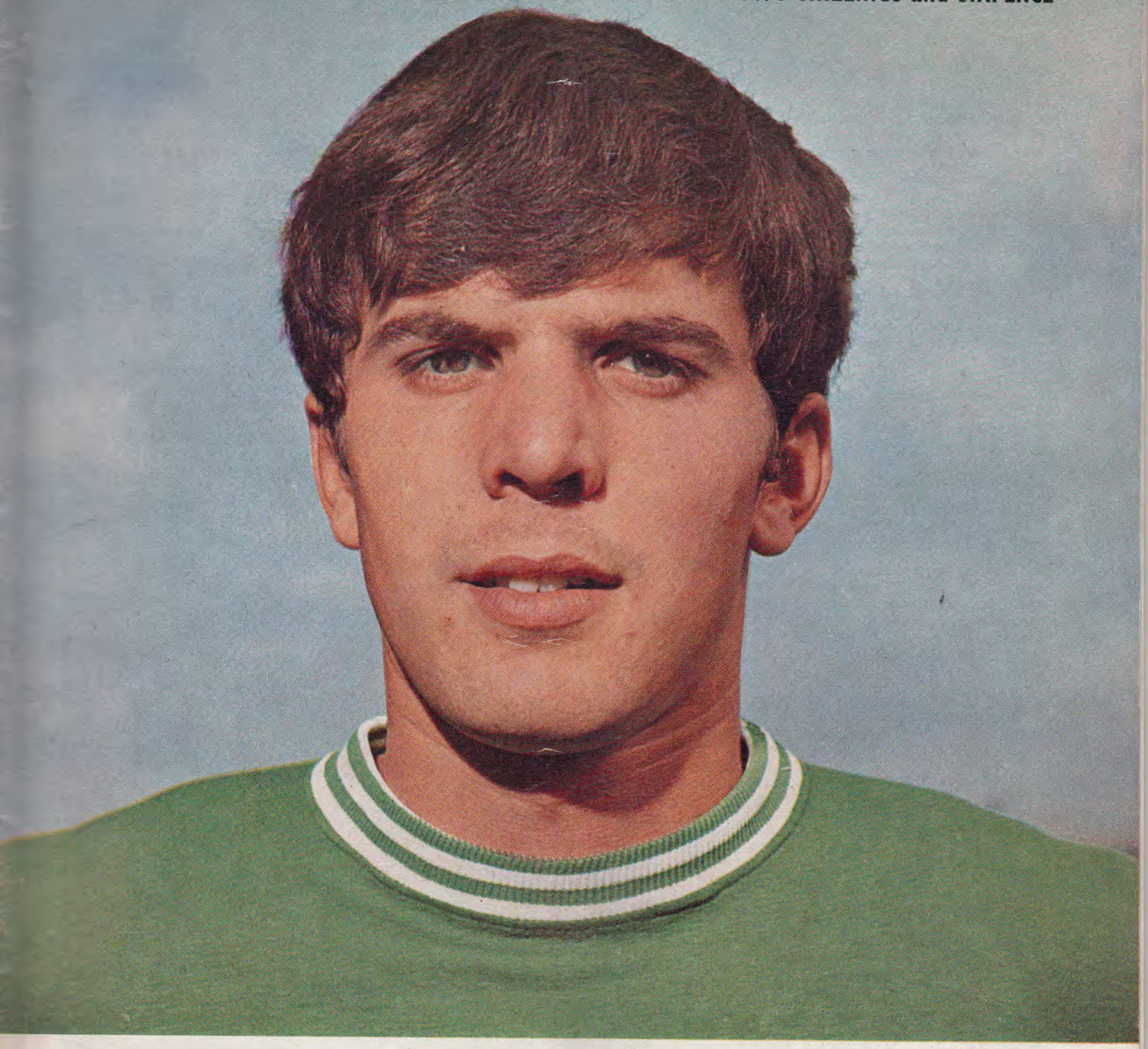

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WINGERS ARE BACK AGAIN!

by BRIAN SCOVELL

NOTICE the change in English soccer this season? Wingers, thought to have been abolished under the Ramsey plan, are coming back.

More and more teams are switching back from 4-3-3 to 4-2-4. Playing against 4-3-3 sides has meant that you no longer need to have a spare man playing behind the defence.

So the extra defender at Chelsea, John Boyle who played in a winger's shirt, now finds himself out of the team. He is just one of the many defenders who have been replaced by genuine wingers.

Fulham's manager, Vic Buckingham, says: "At Fulham we were becoming slaves to 4-3-3. We had a team meeting and the players said they wanted wingers. So we gave them wingers."

Fulham have also limited the use of another Ramsey-style tactic, the overlap of the full-back. Explains skipper George Cohen: "It was becoming obvious to the opposition and they were ready for it. Now if I make a break as often as not I make it up the middle of the park."

Heading

Why are wingers coming back? I asked Sir Stan Matthews, the greatest wingman of all time.

"I think these things go in cycles," he said. "Today most teams have a tall centre-forward who is good at heading. Not so long ago no one had one. The same thing with wingers. Who knows, soon every team could have a good pair of wingers.

"If you have a good winger, you stick him out there. It is no use using him anywhere else."

Liverpool, the most successful side of the past five years, have always played two orthodox wingers in Peter Thompson and Ian Callaghan even if sometimes these two play ultra-defensive roles away from home.

Frank McLintock, skipper of Arsenal (one of the teams not yet returned to the winger fold) says: "I've always rated Thompson the most skilled winger in Britain. There's no one to match him on the ball.

In a flash

"He takes it up to you, you try to make him go one way but in a flash he's past you. Unfortunately his final pass doesn't quite match his ability on the ball otherwise he'd murder every team he played against."

Liverpool manager Bill Shankly bought Tony Hateley to give Thompson and Callaghan a target to aim at in the middle and from being a side that everyone said was over the hill, Liverpool are now back challenging for their title again.

McLintock rates Ralph Coates (Burnley) and Mike Summerbee (Manchester City) close behind Thompson as wingers who cause more trouble than most although the latter has recently switched with great success to centre-forward.

"Both are strong and take some shaking off the ball," he says. They are prototypes of the new type of winger—hard and direct but skilful also. In the old days wingers were divided in two categories.

Hard going

The hard and direct type like Billy Liddell (Liverpool) and the ball artist like Matthews who didn't relish the hard going. Now that wingers are expected to play defensively when the other side has the ball, the modern winger is a mixture of both. He has to be to survive.

Another revolution has taken place in the middle of the penalty area. Whereas in Matthews's day there was only one big centre-forward waiting for the cross, today there are two.

Southampton's two strikers are Ron Davies, whose success last season earned him a new contract, putting him in the £100 a week class alongside Law and Greaves, and Martin Chivers. Both are six-footers and both are good in the air.

With men like this in their side, Southampton are forced to play wingmen to feed them. Manager Ted Bates originally planned to play an extra defender on the left-wing in away games (a policy he adopted last season) but this season he brought back John Sydenham home and away.

" You have to play to your strengths in this game," he told me. "Our strength is in attack. It is no use weakening our strongest point."

Will Sir Alf Ramsey follow the new wingman cult? He has used Thompson, Coates and Summerbee in the last year but none of them have established places in his set-up yet.

I feel that Ramsey still thinks there is a shortage of wingers and until the present trend corrects that shortage, he will continue with 4-3-3. By 1970 he could well be back to the system that Brazil used in their World Cup successes, 4-2-4.

As in fashion, there is nothing really new in soccer tactics.

'More and more teams are switching back from 4-3-3 to 4-2-4'

Tommy Smith (Liverpool) and Mike Summerbee (Manchester City.) (A.)

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FRONT COVER PICTURE

Our front cover picture this month shows a portrait of Hibs and Scotland youngster Peter Cormack. (A.)

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INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

THE MONTH'S GAMES

July	28:	Poland 0 U.S.S.R. 1	Wroclaw (Olym)
,,	28:	Peru 0 Uruguay 1	Lima
,,	30:	Peru 1 Uruguay 2	Lima
Aug.	4:	U.S.S.R. 2 Poland 1	Moscow (Olym)
,,	10:	Sweden 2 Finland 0	Stockholm
,,	23:	Denmark 14 Iceland 2	Copenhagen
,,	30:	U.S.S.R. 2 Finland 0	Moscow (EFC)
Sept.	3:	Norway 3 Sweden 1	Oslo (EFC)
,,	6:	Finland 2 U.S.S.R. 5	Turku (EFC)
,,	6:	Austria 1 Hungary 3	Vienna
,,	13:	Netherlands 1 East Germany 0	Amsterdam
,,	17:	Poland 1 France 4	Warsaw

Russians in a mood to succeed

FIRST off the Soviet air-liner that flew into Poland with the Soviet Union party for the *Olympic* qualifying match with Poland were a casually suave Valery Voronin, dressed in a fashion that would have set him at home in any of the Western European capitals, Lev Yashin, still with his open-neck shirt and jacket, and Anatoly Banichevsky, jacketless and wearing a T-Shirt that belonged to the fifties. Amongst the sixteen players in the party, in addition to that illustrious trio, were Afonin, Chesternev, Khurtsilava, Sabo, Chislenko and Malafeev of those who had represented the Soviet Union in the final stages of the 1966 World Cup.

In the event the great Lev Yashin contented himself with a watching brief both in the match at Wroclaw and the return in Moscow a week later—keeping in both matches for the USSR was the Pakhator Tashkent player, Juri Psenitjikov, but the rest of the World Cup stars were on duty, together with the now restored to favour, Eduard Streltsov.

The cat had definitely been set amongst the pigeons or, more to the point, the bluff had been called. Earlier in the year, in May, in one of the first of the Olympics qualifying matches played in Europe, the Dutch amateur side had travelled to Helsinki and found themselves matched against what was admittedly and unashamedly the full Finnish national eleven that included at least eight players who had appeared in 1966 World Cup qualifying matches — and also included ex-professionals like Kai Pahlman. But that particular match—it was goalless—did not attract much attention. In any case, around the same time, most of the Soviet countries seemed to be trying out Olympic "squads" made up of players who had not appeared in the World Cup. This had been expected with everyone concerned aware of the extension of the ban on World Cup players from the final stages only to the preliminary and the final stages. But there was an escape clause...

This was how FIFA in their news bulletin reported the position in respect of the "Qualification of Players":

"Players who conform to the stipulations of Art. 3 of the FIFA Regulations, Art. 26 of the General Rules of the Olympic Games and to the amateur definition of FIFA are eligible for matches of the preliminary and final tournament. Players having participated in the preliminary or final competitions of the 1966 World Football Championship are not eligible. If however, National Associations wish to nominate such players for their team they are expected to prove their amateur status."

I don't pretend to know how the Soviet Union *prove* the amateur status of their players or, for that matter, to know whether they were, in fact, asked to do so. I suppose that their football association could explain that Soviet footballers were no more rewarded or paid for playing football than were Soviet swimmers, boxers, athletes or even tennis-players of whom their best are just beginning to get onto the edge of the international "amateur" band-wagon of all-the-year-round touring in competitions staged throughout the world. It is obvious that in those countries where any sport is profitable as a profession, the best performers are likely to become professionals and, increasingly as the rewards for professionals increase, the level of the amateur will fall below that of the professional game. Not even the most reckless optimist can visualise a genuine amateur national eleven of countries like England, France, Italy, Spain or the Netherlands winning an Olympics football gold medal when in competition with the best players of the Soviet Union and, for that matter, of any of the Soviet countries with the possible exception of Albania!

But however easy it is to see the unevenness of the competition it is difficult to see how this can be avoided. The ineligibility of players who took part in the 1966 World Football Championship was an attempt to separate the sheep from the goats but it had no virtue as a distinguishing mark between professionals and amateurs. How can one say of Dynamo Kiev's players that those who played in the World Cup are professionals and those who did not are amateurs, when week after week they play together on equal terms? What this attempt to differentiate seems to be moving towards is the proposition that players who have taken part in competitions against professional opposition should be barred from taking part in all-amateur competitions. The ultimate logic of that reasoning is that where, at world level, a particular sport is predominantly professional, there is no place for that sport in the Olympics.

Yet that still evades the issue—rule out Soviet footballers, and equally their boxers, athletes and swimmers should be ruled out but face then their challenge to the sporting "students" of many another country!

Medals

For the moment we must accept that the State amateurs of the Soviet countries are likely to gain the Olympic medals for football. For the rest perhaps the answer is with the extension of competitions as the European Championship for amateur teams about which I wrote last month without, regrettably, mentioning that entry for this competition is limited to those countries where the first category players are professional.

Poland, of course, responded to the Soviet challenge by fielding their strongest team—substantially the one that had beaten Belgium last May in the European Football Championship. There were first appearances for two players—Paul Kowalski and Robert Gadocha. These two held their places for the second match in Moscow when two further players made their debut in the "A" team—Brol in goal and Domarski on the right flank of a forward-line completed by Lubanski and Gadocha with Poland playing 4-3-3. Both matches were closely contested and both had relevance to European Football Championship matches to come. But the narrowness of the Soviet Union's two victories raised hopes of a Polish victory over France six weeks later that were rudely shattered in the event.

It is only fair to note that most of the plans of the Polish selector, Michal Matyas, were frustrated for various reasons—the variable form of players like Anczok, Szoltysik and Smidt whom he would have liked to have written in the team-sheet without further thought or misgiving; the good early season form of players like Lucien Brychczy that demanded consideration of their return to the national team — somewhat contrary to the planned development of a new-look Polish side; and injuries to players like Sadek, the scorer at Goodison Park in January of last year when Poland came close to defeating England.

But, save for the return of the experienced pair of Brychczy and Faber and the inclusion of the Gornik keeper, Kostka (five years after he made a couple of appearances in "B" international matches) this was still the Polish team that had come twice within a single goal of containing the Soviet Union. And they were at *home* to France—who had only beaten them by the odd goal in three in Paris eleven months before and who, more recently, had been beaten at home by both Rumania and the Soviet Union. But those latter two defeats had been in non-competitive matches and in Warsaw France again showed their remarkable aptitude for pulling out something extra in competitive play.

Not that there was much resemblance between the French team victorious in Warsaw and either of those beaten by Rumania in March and the Soviet Union in June in France's only previous 1967 Full International matches. In all, including substitutes, nineteen players appeared for France in those two matches and of those nineteen, only outside-left Charley Loubet, who had made his first two appearances in them, and Andre Guy who played in the second of the two matches, were in the French line-up against Poland. A clean sweep indeed by selector Louis Dugauguez!

Deep-end

Roland Mitoraj, Jean Baeza and Henri Michel were thrown into the deep-end for their first appearances, but there was also a return to experience with 1966 World Cup players like Aubour, Djorkaeff, Bosquier, Herbin and Herbet recalled. The most triumphant return was that of Fleury di Nallo—not called for duty in France's disappointing World Cup matches, his sole 1966 appearance had been in the EFC match against Poland in Paris when he had opened the scoring. Now, after another absence for four matches, he was brought back again—and scored two of the goals in France's four-one victory!

The score flattered France but with home matches against Belgium and Luxembourg remaining to complete their programme they are now in a very strong position as group winners for a place in the quarter-finals. They have six points from four matches; Poland have five from five matches; Belgium four from three matches and Luxembourg one from four.

Elsewhere in EFC matches, the Soviet Union completed their double over Finland and now have eight points from four matches. Nine is the maximum number of points that Greece or Austria can gain—and both of them have to entertain the Soviet Union. The biggest worry for the latter is possibly with the unresolved fate of Igor Chislenko. In the Olympic matches against Poland and the European Championship matches against Finland he was on target—as he so often has been this year, but the latest report is that he is in custody accused of drunken driving after knocking down, of all people, a policeman. As Steltzov is restored to favour it looks as if Chislenko—and Voronin—are likely to fall out of it!

The beneficiaries from the Netherlands-East Germany match were the non-playing Hungarians who would have been more disturbed by an East German victory. The Group Five table now reads:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Hungary	4	3	1	0	12	3	7
Netherlands	5	2	1	2	9	8	5
E. Germany	3	1	1	1	5	5	3
Denmark	4	0	1	3	1	11	1

There was incidental interest in the return to the Netherlands team of the Ajax striker, Johan Cruyff, who soon gave evidence of what we already knew—that he is a player of European class.

First cap

Sweden's match in Oslo was interesting as marking the first appearance in a Full International of Thomas Nordahl, son of the great Gunnar and nephew of Knut, Bertil and Gosta—all of whom played for Sweden. Young Nordahl scored on his debut but that was the limit of Sweden's rejoicing and Norway's victory leaves the contest in their EFC Group between Bulgaria and Portugal—a disappointment for Sweden after they had started so well in the competition by winning in Portugal.

IGOR CHISLENKO. (A.)

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EUROPEAN CUP STATISTICS—Compiled by ARTHUR ROTMIL

CHAMPIONS' CUP

First Round—First Leg

Glentoran (N. Ireland) 1
Colrain (10 pen.).
Benfica Lisbon 1
Eusebio (86).
Belfast. Att. 30,000. Ref. Barde (France).
Glentoran: Finlay; Creighton, McCullough, Jackson, McKeigh: Sinclair, Colrain; Thompson, Morrow, Bruce, Weatherup.
Benfica: Henriques; Cavem, Jacinto, Raul, Cruz; Graça, Coluna; Augusto, Torres, Eusebio, Nelson.

The redoubtable Portuguese champions failed to produce the expected fireworks, but as the enthusiastic crowd prepared to hail an Irish victory, along came Eusebio to silence the cheers with a late equaliser.

Olympiakos (Greece) 0
Juventus Turin 0
Athens. Att. 40,000. Ref. Horvath (Yugoslavia).
Olympiakos: Valianos; Gaitatzis, Zanderoglou, Pavlidis; Polychroniou, Aganian; Vassiliou, G. Sideris, N. Sideris, Joutsos, Botinos.
Juventus: Anzolin; Gori, Castano, Leoncini; Berceliino, Salvadore; Simoni, Del Sol, De Paoli, Cinesinho, Menichelli.

In a rough encounter, the Italian defence withstood the hosts' furious assaults including a last minute fracas in which the police joined in, while local hero Botinos received marching orders.

Celtic Glasgow 1
Lennox (62).
Dynamo Kiev 2
Pusach (4), Byshevetz (28).
Glasgow. Att. 54,000 Ref. Tschenscher (W. Germany).
Celtic: Simpson; Craig, McNeill, Clark, Gemmell; Murdoch, Auld; Johnstone, Wallace, Chalmers, Lennox.
Dynamo: Rudakov; Shegolkov, Sosnikhin, Levtschenko, Krutikovski; Turiantchik, Byshevetz; Sabo, Medvid, Serebrianikov, Pusach.

Hailed as the greatest team in Europe, Celtic were shocked by early goals and finally nailed by a superbly fit Kiev side who wrote a glorious chapter in the history of Russian club football.

Karl-Marx-Stadt 1
Steinmann (41).
Anderlecht 3
Mulder 2 (3, 35), Van Himst (38).
Karl-Marx-Stadt. Att. 43,000. Ref. Howley (England).
K-M-S: Hambeck; Rüdrich, Feister; P. Müller, A. Müller, Posselt; Kreue, Steinmann, Lienemann, Erler, Vogel.
Anderlecht: Vukasovic; Heylens, Kialunda, Plaskie, Cornelis; Hanon, Jurion; Devrindt, Mulder, Van Himst, Pui

The East Germans made a disastrous debut in this competition and found no answer to the experienced Belgians, whose superior technique plus tactical deployment led to an easy win which was never in doubt.

FC Basle (Swiss) 1
Hauser (17).
Hvidovre (Denmark) 2
Larsen (58), Carlsen (80).
Basle. Att. 14,000. Ref. Emsberger (Hungary).
Basle: Kunz; Kiefer, Michaud, Stocker, Pfirter; Benthaus, Wenger; Hauser, Odermatt, Frigerio, Demarmels.
Hvidovre: Henriksen; Nielsen, J. Petersen, Jespersen, Worbye; C. Petersen, Larsen; Olsen, Sörensen, Hansen, Carlsen.

The Swiss champions were humiliated by an unknown bunch of amateurs, who only four years ago played in Denmark's Third Division, but are now competing bravely for the highest stakes in Europe.

Ajax Amsterdam 1
Cruyff (17).
Real Madrid 1
Pirri (35).
Amsterdam. Att. 63,000. Ref. Finney (England).
Ajax: Bals; Suurbier, Pronk, Vasovic, Hulshoff; Groot, Muller; Swart, Cruyff, Nuninga, Keizer.
Real: Junquera; Calpe, De Felipe, Zoco, Sanchis; Pirri, Zunzunegui; Amancio, Grosso, Velàzquez, Bueno.

The fans got value for money from this spectacle of skill and artistry, in which the Dutchmen's free-scoring forward-line were checked time and again by a superbly organised rearguard of Madrid.

Manchester United 4
Sadler 2 (12, 58), Law 2 (43, 62).
Hibernian (Malta) 0
Manchester. Att. 44,000. Ref. Ferreira (Portugal).
Man. Utd.: Stepney; Dunne, Foulkes, Stiles, Burns; Crerand, Charlton; Best, Sadler, Law, Kidd.
Hibs: Mizzi; Privitera, Caruana; Delia, Mallia, Gatt; Mifsud, Scerri, Cassar, E. L. Theobald, Young.

It was strictly one-way traffic, but those who expected an avalanche of goals were disappointed, for United's redoubtable forwards made heavy weather of defeating one of the weakest teams in this tournament.

Dundalk (Eire) 0
Vasas Budapest 1
Korsos (68).
Dublin. Att. 20,000. Ref. Van Ravens (Holland).
Dundalk: Blount; Brennan, Fox, McKeown; Millington, Burke; Cruise, Murray, Hale, Turner, Stokes.
Vasas: Varga; Bakos, Kekesi, Berendi, Mathesz; Fister, Vidats; Molnar, Puskas, Farkas, Korsos.

Irish courage and ambition were not enough to upset the technically brilliant Hungarians who had matters well under control, though in the end had to be content with a meagre win.

St. Etienne (France) 2
Herbin (43), Jacquet (50).
Kuopio Palloseura (Finland) . 0
St. Etienne. Att. 19,000. Ref. Callaghan (Wales).
St. Etienne: Carnus; Durkovic, Bosquier, Polny, Mitoraj; Jacquet, Fefeu; Herbin, Beretta, Revelli, Mekloufi.
Kuopio: Hanninen; Raatikainen, Jokinen; Rissanen, Boman, Vaananen; Louesola, Makela, Savolainen, Kostilainen, Hyvarinen.

A torrential downpour hampered the hosts who dished out a tremendous hammering but found 'keeper Hanninen in great form, though powerless to stop the two decisive headers from close range.

Trakia Plovdiv (Bulgaria) ... 2
Dermendijev (54), Popov (70).
Rapid Bucharest (Rumania) ... 0
Plovdiv. Att. 22,000. Ref. Alimov (Russia).
Trakia: Karuchkov; Gherguiev, Zadouma, Apostolov, Momine; Gluktchev, Nenov; Popov, Dermendijev, Dichkov, Delev.
Rapid: Raducanu; Lupescu, Motros, Stefan, Dinu; Dan, Nastirescu; Niagu, Ionescu, Jamaiski, Pop.

Both sides were making their debut in this competition. After a nervous start Trakia (formerly Botev), gradually got the measure of the Rumanians who relied on breakaways but lacked a marksman.

Skeid Oslo (Norway) 0
Sparta Prague 1
Mraz (6)
Oslo. Att. 16,000. Ref. Loew (Sweden)
Skeid: Kaspersen; Naess, Olafsen, Torsen, Wangen; Bornoe, Mejlo; Guldbradsen, Sjoeberg, Saethrang, Kristoffersen.
Sparta: Kramerius; Vojta, Tichy, Rosicky, Migas; Kvasnak, Jurkanin; Vesely, Mraz, Masek, Vrana.

An early goal by 26-year-old Ivan Mraz decided this match, generally dominated by strong defences, but Skeid missed a great opportunity to take advantage of Sparta's current playing crisis.

Besiktas (Turkey) 0
Rapid Vienna 1
Flögel (22).
Istanbul. Att. 45,000.
Besiktas: Necmi; Yuvul, Fehmi, Sami; Sureya, Kaya; Ahmed, Cevdt, Yusuf, Sanli, Fethi.
Rapid: Fuchsbichler; Gebhardt, Glechner, Fak; Hasil, Ullmann; Fritsch, Bjerregaard, Grausam, Flögl, Seitl.

The hosts were unlucky twice in the same minute, as a genuine penalty appeal was turned down while in a counter move the Austrians scored their victorious goal amidst pandemonium in the stands.

Olympiakos Nicosia (Cyprus) 2
Katanis (1), Tesan o.g. (43).
Sarajevo (Yugoslovia) 2
Antic 2 (50, 68)
Nicosia. Att. 8,000. Ref. Anconese (Italy).
Olympiakos: Filoda; Argiru, Kipolidis, Dimitrikis, Sotiragis; Avramadis, Katanis; Panikos, Parky, Kostakis, Limpakis.
Sarajevo: Sirco (Muftic); Fazlagic, Bajic, Tesan; Jesenkovic, Makic; Blazevic, Siljut, Prodanovic, Antic, Vujanovic.

Two up at half-time, the Cypriots encouraged by a fanatical crowd nearly caused a sensation, but Sarajevo pulled themselves together just in time, to finish on a more respectable note.

CUP-WINNERS' CUP

First Round—First Leg

Hamburger SV 5
Seeler 3 (3, 28, 83), Krämer (55), Hönig (64).
Randers Freja (Denmark) 3
Andreasen (18), Sörensen (68), Gaardsoe (90).
Hamburg. Att. 15,000. Ref. Coates (Ireland).
HSV: Schwerin; Strauss, Horst, W. Schulz, Kurbjuhn; Rohrschneider, Krämer; Dörfel, H. Schulz, Seeler, Hönig.
Randers: Mogensen; Kaarup, Lücke, Nielsen, Mastinsen; Berg, Olesen; Sörensen, Gaardsoe. Andreasen, Moeller.

The gallant amateurs from Denmark's Second Division showed little respect for the hosts who featured five internationals headed by the great Uwe Seeler whose hat-trick saved their faces in this modest victory.

AC Milan 5
Sormani (50), Hamrin 2 (51, 74), Anquilletti 2 (81, 86).
Levski Sofia (Bulgaria) 1
Asparoukhov (63).
Milan. Att. 50,000. Ref. Zecevic (Yugoslavia).
AC Milan: Cudicini; Anquilletti, Malatrasi, Schnellinger; Rosato, Trapattoni; Hamrin, Lodetti, Sormani, Rivera, Mora.
Levski: Mikhailov; Pescev, Ivcov, Vutzov; Zdravcov, Gheorgiev; Kirilov, Sokolov, Asparoukhov, Iliev, Kostov.

Just as Milan's *"tifosi"* began to grow restive, the world's costliest footballer Brazilian-born Sormani and Swedish star Hamrin combined with defender Anquilletti in a late burst of scoring.

Hajduk Split (Yugoslavia) 0
Tottenham Hotspur 2
Robertson (4), Greaves (88).
Split. Att. 25,000. Ref. Bechirov (Bulgaria).
Hajduk: Vukcevic; Folic, Ristic, Sliskovic; Holcer, Boskovic; Feric, Vardic, Nadoveza, Obradov, Hlevnjak.
Spurs Jennings; Kinnear, England, Beal, Knowles; Mullery, Venables; Robertson, Greaves, Gilzean, Saul.

Spurs made a welcome return to this competition, which they won in 1963, with a splendid display of tactical efficiency, crowned by early and late goals to establish a comforting margin.

Shamrock Rovers (Eire) 1
Gilbert (16).
Cardiff City (Wales) 1
King (48).
Dublin. Att. 25,000. Ref. Roomer (Holland).

Results — Goalscorers — Attendances — Reports of Champions' and Cup Winners' Cups

Cyril Knowles, the Spurs' back, tries to force home a Cliff Jones header but the ball bounced off a post with the Hajduk goalkeeper beaten. (A.)

Shamrock: Smyth; Courtney, Mulligan; Kearin, Nolan, Fulham; O'Neill, Dixon, Gilbert, Leech, Kinsella.
Cardiff: Wilson; Coldrick, Ferguson; Williams, Murray, Harris; Jones, Toshack, King, Clarke, Bird.

In this seesaw battle of fluctuating fortunes the Welshmen contained the hosts' early fury and hit back with an equaliser to keep intact their chances of progress into Round Two.

Lausanne (Switzerland) 3
Kerkhoffs (2 (33, 43), Armbruster (90).
Spartak Trnava (Czech.) 2
Svec 2 (8, 17).
Lausanne. Att. 8,000. Ref. Jones (Wales).
Lausanne: Schneider; Delay, Tacchella, Armbruster, Hunziker; Dürr, Weibel; Hertig, Vuilleumier, Hosp, Kerkhoffs.
Spartak: Geryk; Dobias, Jarabek, Zlocha, Hagera; Hrusecky, Kuna; Brumovsky, Svec, Adamec, Kabat.

The unlucky Czechs lost defender Zlocha after 20 minutes, then their two-goal lead and eventually their confidence, while Lausanne came back strongly and won with the last kick of the match.

Bayern Munich 5
Müller 2 (12 pen., 47), Kupferschmidt (24), Beckenbauer (31), Jung (56).
Panathinaikos (Greece) 0
Munich. Att. 25,000. Ref. Dagnall (England).
Bayern: Maier; Kupferschmidt, Beckenbauer, Olk, Schwarzenbeck; Roth, Schauss; Nafziger, Jung, Müller, Brenninger.
Panathinaikos: Ikonomopoulos; Kamaras, Bellis, Pitichoutis, Sourpis; Loukanidis, Domasos; Kopsachilis, Kalaitzidis, Papaemanouil, Grammos.

Not even the coaching of their new, famous boss Bela Guttmann, could help the Greeks against the rampant Cup-holders who made an impressive start in defence of the trophy.

Aris Bonneweg (Luxembourg) 0
Olympique Lyon (France) ... 3
Di Nallo 2 (39, 63), Pin (22).
Bonneweg. Att. 1,500. Ref. Weyland (W. Germany).
Aris: Leonard; Wagner, Hoffstetter, Hoscheit, Kunnert; Hoffman, Lang; Schreiner, Heger, Mars, Kirchens.
Lyon: Chauveau; Kuffer, Glizinski, Le Borgne, Nouzaret; Rocco, Maison; Lekkak, Pin, Di Nallo, Rambert.

Two goals by France's smallest footballer—the 5 ft. 3 in. Fleury Di Nallo—settled the issue, after Aris missed three great chances early on, but thereafter the result was never in doubt.

Torpedo Moscow 0
Motor Zwickau (E. Germany) 0
Moscow. Att. 20,000. Ref. Tekkoalcho (Finland).
Torpedo: Kavazashvili; Andrejuk, Shustikov, Sarajev, Tchumakov; Voronin, Linev; Shalimov, Shtcherbakov, Streltzov, Gerschkovitch.
Zwickau: Kroj; Söldner, Glaubitz, Beier, Brändl; Jura, Irmscher; Resch, Hoffmann, Rentsch, Matter

A superbly drilled East German side, though not always choosey in their methods, held off the challenge of unimpressive Torpedo whose 'keeper committed two blunders which nearly cost them the match.

Frederikstad (Norway) 1
Fuglseth (72),
Vitoria Setubal (Portugal) 5
Pedras 2 (20, 33), Guerreiro 2 (63, 78), José Maria (43).
Frederikstad. Att. 5,000. Ref. Michaelsen (Denmark).
Frederikstad: Mosgaard; Andreassen, Hermansen. Spydevold, Johansen; Arntzen, Christoffersen; Borgen, Fuglseth, K. Spydevold, Aas.
Vitoria: Vital; Conceivao, Leiria, Herculano, Carrico; Tomee, Pedras; Armando, Guerreiro, José Maria, Joao.

The Norwegians lasted only 20 minutes and did what they could, while the fleet-footed, quick-witted Portuguese did as they pleased to overwhelm the hosts with goals at regular intervals.

Altay Izmir (Turkey) 2
Dogan (23), Ender (41).
Standard Liege 3
Claessen 2 (72, 82), Colonval (11).
Izmir. Att. 15,000. Ref. Dimitrescu (Rumania).
Altay: Varol; Yilmaz, Necdet, Enver, Riza; Ayfer, Ender; Dogan, Feridun, Oguz, Aydin.
Standard: Nicolay; Jeck, Pilot, Thissen, Beurlet; Dewalque, Smailovic; Semmeling, Colonval, Claessen, Galic.

A storm of booing at the end was a poor reward for the Belgians who picked off the young and inexperienced hosts, then delivered the k.o. with two late goals.

Vasas Györ (Hungary) 5
Nell (19), Györfi (25), Varsanyi (48), Szalo 2 (80, 83).
Appollon Limassol (Cyprus) ... 0
Györ. Att. 8,000. Ref. Schiller (Austria).
Vasas: Toth; Keglovich, Orban, Izsaki; Nell, Kiss; Stolcz, Varsanyi, Szalo, Györfi, Somogyi.
Appollon: Evarogasz; Polikarpu, Georgin, Gavarasz, Temiszloklesz; Kavazisz, Dimiraise; Krisztallusz, K. Varaidailesz, G. Varaidailesz, Androsz.

As expected, the visitors proved no more than amateurish sparring partners for Györ who needed a while to hit top gear, but then firmly coasted to a clear-cut victory.

Valencia (Spain) 4
Ansola 2 (2, 13), Jara (28 pen.), Waldo (55).
Crusaders Belfast 0
Valencia. Att. 30,000. Ref. Machin (France).
Valencia: Adelardo; Sol, Mestre, Vidagany; Paquito, Roberto; Terol, Waldo, Ansola, Claramunt, Jara.
Crusaders: Nicholson; Patterson, Campbell, Lewis, McCullough; McPolin, Law; Trainor, Meldrun, Brush, Wilson.

Three goals in under half an hour knocked the stuffing out of the Irish who were outclassed for most of the game by a skilful, determined and highly competent Spanish side.

HJK Helsinki (Finland) 1
Pajo (76).
Wisla Kraków (Poland) 4
Skupnik (6), Lendzion 2 (10, 27), Sykta (66).
Helsinki. Att. 4,000. Ref. Vetter (Germany).
HJK: Ristlakki; Jalava, Ojale, Sjoestedt, Kokko; Osterberg, Juahianen; Rahja, Talaslahti, Pahlman, Pajo.
Wisla: Stroniarz; Monica, Kawula, Musial, Polak; Wojcik, Lendzion; Gach, Sykta, Studnicki, Skupnik

The Poles ignored the usual caution expected from visitors in two-legged ties and shattered the hosts with an explosive burst of goals to put their qualification virtually beyond doubt.

FK Austria Vienna 0
Steaua Bucharest (Rumania) ... 2
Soo (42), Sorin-Avram (70).
Vienna. Att. 20,000. Ref. Platek (Czechoslovakia).
Austria: Schneider; Nowy, Frank, Fröhlich; Hiesel, Dirnberger; Parits, Poindl, Markovic, Knoll, Fiala.
Steaua: Haidu; Satmareanu, Hanageanu, Dan, Nicolea, Rotaru; Negrea, Popescu; Sorin-Avram, Constantin, Soo, Voinea.

A bitter disappointment for the home fans who had little to cheer as their favourites were run off their feet by the faster and cleverer Rumanians who controlled the game from the start.

Aberdeen 10
Munro 3 (19, 52, 61), Storrie 2 (21, 56), J. Smith 2 (31, 80), McMillan (45), Petersen (72), Taylor (48).
KR Reykjavik (Iceland) 0
Aberdeen. Att. 14,000. Ref. Aalbrec (Holland).
Aberdeen: Clark; Whyte, Shewan; Petersen, McMillan, Buchan; J. Wilson, Munro, Storrie, J. Smith. Taylor.
Reykjavik: Petursson; K. Jonsson, B. Felixsson; P. Jonsson, Schram, Kpartansson; Marken, G. Felixsson, Baldvinsson, Hagsteinsson, Jakobosson.

In this unequal contest the inexperienced Icelanders had only courage to offer but this wasn't enough against the rampant Scots whose forwards enjoyed a rare field day.

Floriana (Malta) 1
Buttigieg (51).
NAC Breda (Holland) 2
Visschers 2 (49, 59).
La Valetta. Att. 10,000. Ref. Francescon (Italy).
Floriana: T. Borg; Debono, Micallef; Camilleri, Farrugia, Grech; S. Borg, Vassallo, Buttigieg, P. Micallef, Caruana.
Breda: Van Der Merwe; Van Gorp, Van Ierland; Graumans, Pelkmans, Rynders; Vermeulen, Pirard, Visschers, Snoeck, Nouwems.

All the goals came in a dizzy spell of ten minutes soon after half-time and the Dutch did well to survive against unorthodox opposition, a bumpy pitch plus temperature of 86 F.

Little Change For Italians

European Leagues Review

by ROGER MACDONALD

THE decline and fall of Internazionale has brought little change of heart in the land of *catenaccio*. In only the second week of the championship there were three goalless draws—Atalanta Bergamo v. Juventus, Mantova v. Inter and AC Milan v. Fiorentina—with ten goals scored in the programme of eight games.

All the more surprising, therefore that Sormani (still, at £243,000, the world's most expensive footballer) should begin the season with three splendid goals against Ferrara, whom AC Milan beat 4-1 away from home. Rivera showed his best form and Hamrin, who scored the third goal, seems to have lost little of his speed and none of his skill.

Bologna, who have the talent but perhaps not the temperament to take the title, also made a fine start, in spite of playing without Bulgarelli, who injured a knee in training. Their coach, Luis Carniglia, was another casualty—before the match against Sampdoria at Genoa he fell flat on his face in the dressing-room and sat on the touch-line with a large plaster on his head. Much may depend, however, on Guarneri, signed from Inter but dissatisfied with his salary. He is not playing well, and Bologna will have to pay him more money or get rid of him.

Bologna beat Cagliari 2-1 in a game of sensational incident. First Haller took a penalty, and missed it; then Clerici, their Brazilian, missed another; and finally Cagliari's goalkeeper, Reginato, rapidly becoming the hero of the day, was involved in a violent collision with Pittia which put both players in hospital with serious injuries.

I watched Inter's match with AS Roma, a 1-1 draw at San Siro before 65,000. Both teams had a rush of blood to the head, with a goal apiece in the first 10 minutes. Mazzola put the ball at Bedin's feet, on the run, a defender (I thought Losi) half-cleared, and Facchetti raced in to shoot beautifully wide of Pizzaballa. But within seconds Capello got to a dangerous cross from Robotti, Sarti and Landini made a hash of the clearance; Taccola, alone with the ball at his feet, doesn't miss chances like that.

Thereafter caution prevailed but Roma, who often get a draw in this fixture, might have won with steadier play in front of goal. Inter won 13 corners without conceding any, but faded badly towards the end. Nielsen, signed for £130,000 from Bologna, is not yet on his colleagues' wavelength; and Picchi's granite calm was sorely missed. I wonder how long Herrera can leave out Corso and Cappellini, relegated to the reserves for a friendly against Venice (2-1), who were without a match in Division Two.

Roma confirmed their promise against Naples, winning 2-1 without particular effort. Pizzaballa, in goal, is at last living up to his world record transfer fee; Pelagalli, an outstanding midfield player, seems quite indefatigable; Taccalo a splendid opportunist, with exciting control and deceptive speed. And there is always Peiro, the lethargic Spaniard, who has something of Greaves' indolence and inspiration. No wonder Oronzo Pugliese, Roma's manager, permits himself a sardonic smile. Before the shooting war started, Roma played so badly in friendlies, that there was serious talk of sacking him. But then Roma's directors always change with the wind.

Leading scorers

Sormani (AC Milan), Clerici (Bologna) ..... 3 goals
Amarildo (Fiorentina), Mazzia (Brescia), Peiro (AS Roma) ..... 2 goals

SPAIN

"WE might as well play all our matches away from home," said Otto Gloria, manager of Atletico Madrid. "The public at Manzanares is impossible." His team were whistled off the field, in spite of beating Elche 2-1, their third successive victory in the championship. The reason, one supposes, was Atletico's inexplicable decline after Collar and Garate had scored two quick goals: rather like eating the strawberries but missing the steak and kidney pie.

Nevertheless, Atletico set a pace too hot even for Real in the opening matches. They beat Sabadell 2-0, with two fine goals from Adelardo; travelled to Vienna in midweek and beat Sportklub 5-2, Garate scoring four times; the fifth came from Luis, who also got the vital goal in a 1-0 away win at Cordoba.

Real began well enough, beating Seville 2-0 with goals from Pirri and Amancio; though it was clear that their opponents, who included eight new players, had not struck up a proper understanding. Gento, hurt in the second-half, missed the next match against Sociedad, but was scarcely needed. Real, 2-0 ahead at the interval, put on the pressure and reduced their opponents' defence to a trembling ruin. They won 9-0, and Velazquez, who had a brilliant match, scored three of the goals.

After this a goalless draw at Zaragoza was a decided anti-climax. De Felipe had an outstanding game at centre-half, which made his injury during the Zamora Jubilee the following Wednesday all the more disturbing for Real. He has torn ligaments above the knee, sufficient to keep him out for six weeks at least.

Bilbao and Barcelona played out another goalless game, but not before Rijo and Benitez had come to blows and been dispatched from the field by the referee. The incident was extraordinary, for up to this point scarcely a word had been said in anger, as the match proceeded leisurely in a temperature of 85 degrees. Perhaps the culprits can plead sunstroke at the disciplinary inquiry.

Leading scorers

Seminario (Sabadell) ..... 4 goals
Ansola (Valencia), Uriate (Atletico Bilbao), Velazquez, Pirri and Amancio (all Real Madrid) ..... 3 goals

RUSSIA

WITH ironic timing, Moscow Dynamo's 1,500th goal in League football was scored by Igor Chislenko (see World Diary), following a bad mistake by Chakhter Donetz's goalkeeper. In the end it proved costly, for while Donetz twice equalised, they conceded the decisive goal when Chislenko put Kozlov through on his own.

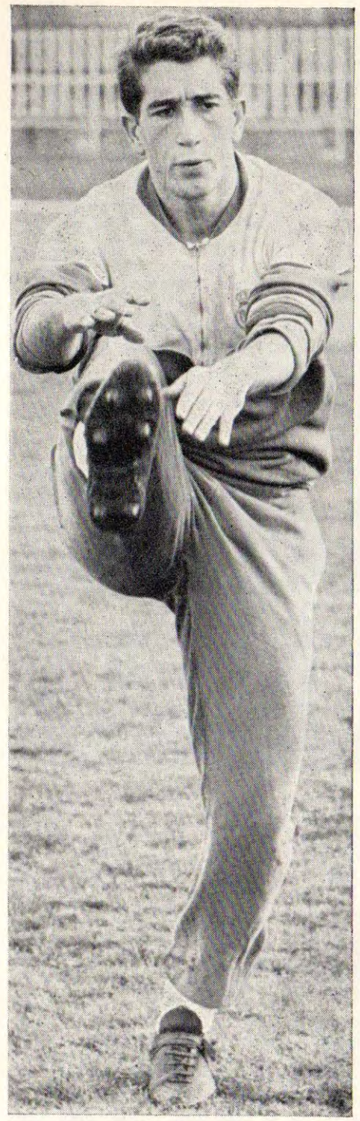
The championship seems to lie between the two Dynamos, Moscow and Kiev, separated by but a single point at the top of the table. Only Yashin, though, could be satisfied by his club's alarming sequence of goalless draws this season. In one of them, against Moscow Spartak, he played his 500th first-class match, 261 of them in League football. Dynamo then had some anxious moments away to Aviation, who scored first through Kazakov and hit the post with Yashin beaten. But Vchivtzev dribbled through on his own to equalise, the airmen fell away, and Souslov scored the winning goal.

Dynamo Kiev made extraordinarily heavy weather of beating Cernomoretz, one of the poorest teams, the winning goal coming just 15 seconds from the end. Koutaissi, too, put up stern resistance, but Sabo and Khelmnitski scored two fine goals in the final quarter. Maslov promptly recalled Porkujan, who has been playing in the reserves since Russia used him in the World Cup. His presence transformed the team, he scored the first goal against Dynamo Tbilisi from 25 yards, and Kiev won 3-0 with hardly a heavy breath.

Kairat, from Alma-Sta, fared no better. While Moscow Dynamo struggled against Donetz, Kiev again won 3-0 in what proved little more than a practice match. Although they could score only once in the first-half, a penalty by Ponzac, Bannikov rarely touched the ball in goal. He was still an interested spectator after the interval when Szabo and Ponzac again confirmed their technical superiority. But Kiev, allowed to play a sequence of home matches before the tie with Celtic, may pay for it as the season draws to an end.

Leading scorer

Markarov (Neftianik) ..... 12 goals



Real Madrid inside-forward, Velazquez, scored a hat-trick in a recent 9-0 victory. (Met.)

PORTUGAL

BENFICA are again making the running in Portugal, although a freak goal almost brought them defeat in their first match. Guimaraes were awarded a free-kick outside the penalty area, the ball ricochetted between the defenders forming a loose wall and beat Jose Henrique completely. Eusebio inexplicably shot wide with the Guimaraes 'keeper nearer the half-way line than his goal but scored 30 seconds after the start of the second-half. Guimaraes defended grimly, and were fortunate to survive when Cruz took a free-kick, Thorez headed perfectly to Jose Augusto, who took the ball in full stride and hit it in like a bullet. But the referee consulted a linesman and disallowed the goal. It seemed Benfica would have to be content with a draw, but in the final minute Jacinto was tackled, the ball bounced off to Cavem who struck a tremendous shot through a crowd of players to put the stadium in uproar.

Barreirense were completely outplayed the following Sunday, losing 3-0 at home. Eusebio scored the first goal, from a delicate header by Torres; Torres himself the second, and Eusebio the third, with a shot on the run from an acute angle, reminiscent of the 1963 European Cup final at Wembley.

Porto, though, have kept up with the champions. They began with a good win at Belenenses, 2-0, even if the goals scored by Djalma both came from defensive errors. Americo, their international goalkeeper, needed all his skill to keep his charge intact against Leixoes in the local derby; a goalless draw seemed likely until Porto's full-back, Valdemar, scored in the 72nd minute, running up from the rear to hit home a rebound.

Djalma scored twice against the newly-promoted Tirsense to ensure an easy win, and Porto, at home for the third week in succession, scored four without reply against the weak defence of CUF Setubal. This was a Sunday of high scores, with Ernesto hitting four for Academica against Braga, and Sergio achieving a hat-trick for Belenenses against Barreirense.

Leading scorers

Djalma (Porto) ..... 6 goals
Ernesto (Belenenses) ..... 5 goals

League Tables

PORTUGAL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Porto	4	4	0	0	10	1	8
Benfica	4	4	0	0	8	2	8
Academica	4	3	1	0	10	1	7
Sporting	4	3	1	0	6	2	7
Setubal	4	3	0	1	12	2	6
Belenenses	4	2	0	2	9	7	4
Leixoes	4	1	1	2	5	4	3
Sanjoanense	4	1	1	2	6	6	3
Tirsense	4	1	1	2	2	7	3
Varzim	4	1	0	3	3	5	2
Braga	4	1	0	3	5	12	2
CUF	4	1	0	3	3	8	2
Guimaraes	4	0	1	3	4	8	1
Barreirense	4	0	0	4	3	21	0

POLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Ruch	8	6	2	0	23	8	14
Legia	8	5	3	0	12	5	13
Pogon	9	5	2	2	11	8	12
Polonia	8	4	3	1	11	7	11
LKS	8	2	4	2	9	10	8
Stal	8	3	3	2	8	10	8
Odra	9	3	2	4	9	12	8
Katowice	8	2	3	3	6	7	7
Gornik	7	2	2	3	12	11	6
Szombierki	8	2	2	4	12	14	6
Wisla	8	2	1	5	6	9	5
Zaglebie	8	0	5	3	6	10	5
Gwardia	8	2	1	5	7	16	5
Slask	7	1	2	4	3	8	4

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Rapid	6	5	0	1	24	7	10
Grazer AK	6	5	0	1	14	7	10
Austria Wien	6	4	1	1	13	5	9
Sportklub	6	4	0	2	15	8	8
W'ker Innsbruck	6	4	0	2	12	8	8
SW Bregenz	6	3	1	2	7	9	7
Admira	6	2	2	2	16	13	6
Linzer ASK	6	2	1	3	8	8	5
Salzburg	6	2	1	3	5	15	5
Klagenfurt	6	1	2	3	9	12	4
Radentheim	6	1	2	3	9	13	4
Sturm Graz	6	2	0	4	7	19	4
Vienna	6	1	0	5	7	12	2
Eisenstadt	6	1	0	5	2	12	2

NORTHERN IRELAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Ards	2	2	0	0	3	0	4
Coleraine	2	2	0	0	9	2	4
Glentoran	2	1	1	0	6	3	3
Linfield	2	1	1	0	3	2	3
Ballymena	2	1	1	0	7	5	3
Glenavon	2	1	0	1	4	4	2
Cliftonville	2	1	0	1	4	5	2
Distillery	2	1	0	1	3	4	2
Bangor	2	0	1	1	4	6	1
Derry	2	0	0	2	3	8	0
Crusaders	2	0	0	2	2	7	0
Portadown	2	0	0	2	0	2	0

LUXEMBOURG

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Jeunesse	6	6	0	0	16	3	12
Aris	6	4	0	2	13	3	8
Spora	6	3	2	1	7	5	8
Union	6	3	1	2	17	13	7
Rumelingen	6	3	1	2	10	9	7
Mondorf	6	3	0	3	13	11	6
Red Boys	6	2	1	3	13	13	5
Progres	6	2	1	3	12	13	5
Avenir Beggen	6	2	1	3	5	9	5
US Dudelingen	6	2	0	4	6	11	4
Stade	6	2	0	4	5	14	4
Petingen	6	0	1	5	4	17	1

SWEDEN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Malmo FF	18	11	4	3	37	16	26
Halsingborg	18	11	1	6	35	25	23
Oerebro	18	9	3	6	29	23	21
AIK	18	9	3	6	31	25	21
Norrkoping	18	9	3	6	23	18	21
Djurgaarden	18	7	7	4	27	25	21
Goteborg	18	7	4	7	38	35	18
GAIS	18	8	2	8	24	22	18
Elfsborg	18	6	5	7	37	32	17
Oergryte	18	5	5	8	29	35	15
Hammarby	18	3	4	11	19	31	10
Holmsund	18	2	1	15	17	62	5

Player Portrait by KEIR RADNEDGE

OVERATH THE ACE

A NEAT Porsche car, a pretty wife, and an advertising contract with the makers of a well-known bar of chocolate. On the pitch always practical and constructive, though known to be somewhat temperamental, and often to play to a standard quite out of keeping with his enormous gifts.

Let me introduce you to the Rhinelander, who is, by way of being a member of world football's new "Jet Set", one of West Germany's least popular public figures, one of the country's best-dressed young men, and in my opinion, also one of Europe's most under-rated players.

Wolfgang Overath — midfield schemer of 1st FC Koln (Cologne) and West Germany's national team.

Born on September 29, 1943, and brought up in Siegburg, a little town not far from Cologne, his story is the same as that of so many other present-day stars. As soon as he was old enough, straight into the local team! In Overath's case SSV Siegburg 04, in the Mittelrhein Amateurliga.

He'd barely been in the first team a year or so, when, in the autumn of 1960, he received the welcome summons to represent his country in an international Youth fixture against Denmark. The following summer he followed up this success by winning himself a regular berth in the West German Youth XI that took part in the annual Youth Tournament. It was played in Portugal, and the Germans finished third.

That they didn't do better, or even just as well the following year in Rumania, is surprising, looking back. Apart from Overath, two other future full internationals were in the team —future Koln club-mate Wolfgang Weber, and Reinhard Libuda (now Borussia Dortmund).

Already Overath was expecting an offer from 1st FC Koln, which was duly accepted when it arrived late in the summer of 1962. He was excellently placed to join the club. Though he would have to train and play in Cologne, he could still live with his family, in the familiar surroundings of Siegburg.

Yet during his first season his transfer must have seemed a mixed blessing. Habig, Ripkens, and even Hans Sturm, were all vying for the "other" inside forward position alongside the wily veteran, Schaefer. Overath didn't get a look in—though he was a regular member of the Koln Youth side, along with two other of the club's present regulars, Weber and Rumor.

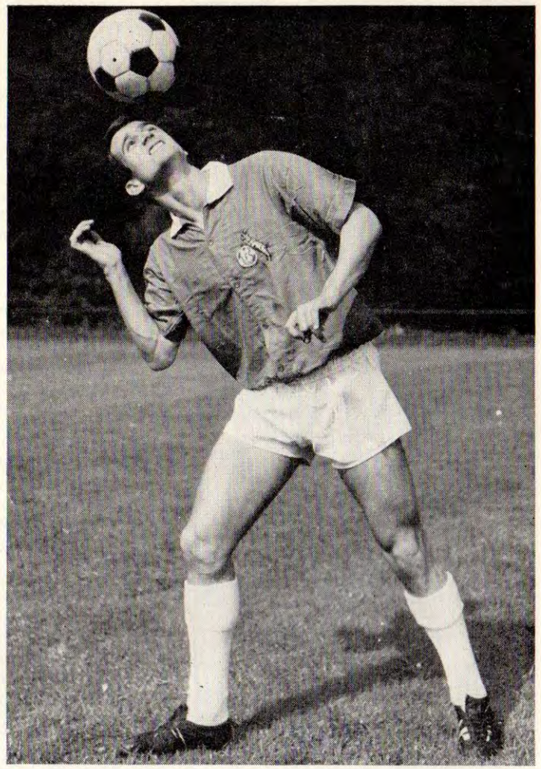
With the Koln Youth XI, Overath played a significant part (on his own behalf) in helping to win a small youth tournament in Milan. Played against youth teams from Inter, Racing Club de Paris, and Partizan Belgrade, in the final it was the young and much-praised Overath who scored against Racing the only goal of the game.

But though the world of "real" football had at first appeared a closed one to the young inside-forward, it seems that Overath's performances during the summer turned the balance in his favour. He played in all 30 matches in the following 1963-64 season, which saw 1st FC Koln first champions of the newly formed Bundesliga.

Overath had quickly proved himself the ideal foil for Schaefer. He had the youth and strength to do all the hard running that Schaefer, at 36, was no longer able to undertake. Also, he revealed a powerful shot, but at that time always seemed strangely self-conscious when in possession before goal, and usually preferred to make chances for others instead of "having a go" himself.

As well as propping up Schaefer, he soon established a superb "blind" link with his left-winger, Heinz Hornig, as well as working well with right-winger Karl-Heinz Thielan. In the latter case it was directly because of Overath's great speciality — his long, raking passes, from one side of the field to the other, completely changing the direction of play, often launching Thielan on goal from apparently nowhere. A perfect example of a player "making the ball do the work."

Season 1963-64 was indeed a fine season for the young player. As early as September 28, Overath was making his first appearance in the full national team, coming on as a substitute during a 3-0 victory over Turkey.



WOLFGANG OVERATH. (Met.)

In 1964-65 Overath was faced with further tests of his temperament on his road to the top. One test he failed. Late in September, against Munchen 1860 he was fouled by Zeiser. And retaliated. The result was that Koln got a free-kick, and Overath was sent off!

That, too, was the season during which Schaefer was pretty well forced into retirement. Plagued by a leg injury, the old wizard had to leave Overath on his own when it came to the crucial Champions' Cup-tie with Liverpool, and also during the race for the League Championship with Werder Bremen.

The task in the league was a little too much for Overath. Though Schaefer came back in time for the final run-in, the northerners were just too well entrenched at the top by that time. One failure. And another, in the Champions' Cup play-off in Rotterdam against Liverpool.

A failure for Koln, that is, but for Overath an unqualified success.

That was the match when, with Koln two goals down after 39 minutes, and with Weber all but *hors de combat,* Overath came into his element. Co-ordinating his normal role of midfield general with that of defensive aide for stopper Hemmersbach, Overath has rarely been better in a key *club* game. Repeatedly launching Sturm into attack, and serving the ball on a plate to both Hornig and Thielan, he contributed greatly towards exposing the weaknesses on the flanks in the Liverpool defensive set-up.

But Koln lost, on the toss of a fatal coin. Thus since then Overath's reputation has had to rely on international performances for its continued enhancement.

At first, for all his talents, he was exasperatingly prone to show plenty of class, but fail to combine effectively with his strange new team-mates. It seemed that cut off from the pacific influence exerted by his Koln partners, Overath lost all confidence in the ability of the men he had to play with.

Helmut Schön made no secret of his disappointment with Overath's schizophrenic form, and in the autumn of 1965, with

● *Continued on page 29*

Aberdeen goalkeeper, Bobby Clark, makes a desperate but unrewarding attempt to stop this shot from Andy Penman for Rangers' third goal in the match at Ibrox. Aberdeen frequently flatter to deceive as John Stone states on this page. (A.)

Scottish News by JOHN STONE

DONS LACK SPARK

THE opening month of a soccer season can often be the most misleading of all, with some clubs apparently in for successful times, only to run out of steam as the pressure piles on; others start slowly but are moving strongly when many of the pace-makers are ready to call quits.

Such was the case in the opening weeks of the Scottish season, when shocks abounded, forecasting proved highly precarious.

Probably the most disappointed set of supporters in the country were those of Aberdeen. In the eyes of almost every critic, Eddie Turnbull's Dons were freely tipped as the team most likely to trouble Scotland's big two, Celtic and Rangers.

Drawn as they were in the same League Cup section as the Glasgow giants, this was expected to prove a true test of the Aberdonians' strength.

Yet after their opening day 1-1 draw with a Rangers' side strongly reinforced by big close-season buys, the Dons were more than merely disappointing.

There was never the slightest hope held out of a Pittodrie League Cup challenge. Celtic, eventually, cruised to the quarter-finals, with Rangers their only serious challengers, pushed firmly into second place in the section.

Not until their opening Cup-Winners' Cup clash with the part-timers from Iceland, Reykjavik, when Turnbull's team finally turned tornadoes, did Pittodrie regulars receive anything to gloat about.

Admittedly, a 10-0 success against this class of opposition was only to be expected, as was the return leg walkover, when the Dons smashed home four more goals.

But at least it did get them moving into winning vein.

Yet consistency is still not Aberdeen's strong point, and until it can be found, they are, I fear, going to disappoint all, including myself, who tipped them as the season's best outsiders in the honours race.

Eddie Turnbull, their firm but fair manager, is not the type to run making excuses for lack of success. In his short time at Pittodrie, he has won the Aberdeen public back to the Pittodrie fold by producing a team with talent.

I wonder, however, just what effect their gruelling and highly competitive American summer had on their early-season form.

Remember it was Aberdeen who, with Wolves, battled to the final of the American League competition. Remember, too, that it was Aberdeen and Wolves who staged that wonderful final, with the Dons going down 5-4 and only by an own-goal at that.

Yet I cannot help remembering that such strenuous summer efforts, in a country completely foreign to the Aberdeen staff, must have taken some toll.

It can be argued that the experience gained in the States can only stand them in good stead. I would not disagree.

Yet I cannot help but feel that the benefits of this experience might be longer in blossoming than was first expected. If this is the case, once again the League Championship looks like being a long, drawn-out affair between those arch rivals, Rangers and Celtic.

Without doubt, Rangers have made a much more successful start to the season than many imagined, particularly when, in a pre-season friendly, they were well and truly thrashed by Arsenal while Celtic were staging a majestic Hampden 3-3 spectacular with Spurs.

Having swallowed the bitter pill of again taking second place to Celtic in their League Cup section, Rangers, with Bobby Seith in his first full season as coach, and Dave White in a similar position as assistant-manager to Scot Symon, really got going.

Many considered them unfortunate to lose three points out of four to Celtic in their League Cup clashes, particularly as they contrived to miss a penalty in each of their meetings and at crucial points in each match.

However, having given second best in the League Cup, the Ibrox men certainly began their League campaign in a manner that suggests a real tussle with Celtic over the next six or seven months.

A 1-0 defeat of their Parkhead foes at Ibrox was marred only by an injury to full-back Dave Provan, who suffered a broken leg.

It gave them the psychological breakthrough they have sought for the last two seasons and, as I write, the "Bank of Scotland" side—as Rangers have been tagged after heavy excursions into the transfer market—look like improving with experience together.

Celtic, simultaneously, have given their huge following a less happy start than they were entitled to anticipate from the European Champions.

It has been apparent in many of their matches that they are a side playing under the tremendous strain of their new-found responsibility as top team in Europe.

Manager, Jock Stein, himself admitted, before the surprise but certainly deserved home defeat by Kiev Dynamo in the first round of the European Cup that only in a brief spell late in their home game with Rangers had Celtic touched on last season's form. Now they are out of the European Cup.

The fact that Celtic dropped three points in their first three League games in defence of the Scottish title shows, most certainly, how they are far from the team of all talents who wound up last term in a blaze of triumph.

Yet, as I have said before, this in itself could be for the good of the Scottish game.

It would be foolhardy indeed, however, to write off Celtic. They could well make up the leeway on Rangers. Indeed, having studied the topsy-turvy form of the season's first few weeks, and being fully aware of the folly of speculation, I still see them as champions, for I expect Stein to swoop swiftly,. silently but so effectively into the transfer market once more and strengthen a playing staff which has given the impression of being in need of some sort of blood transfusion.

While Glasgow continues to command the majority of the Scottish soccer fans' interest, Hibs, those champions of old, are not prepared to stay out in the cold.

Back in Europe this season, that in itself was a tremendous boost to their long-suffering supporters.

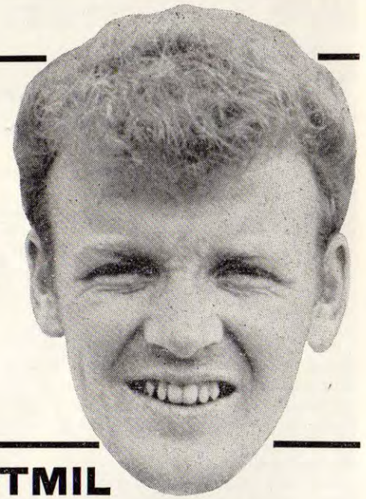
But the Fairs Cup is far from being the only interest at Easter Road. They want to be challengers for the Championship, and for all other domestic competitions.

They have made the right sort of start, too, in Europe and domestically.

● *Continued on page 40*

Searching the Soccer Scene

Italians forget to inform



with ARTHUR ROTMIL

NEWS that Leeds United's captain Billy Bremner has been booked three times and sent off once, after the first 23 days of the current English League season, plus the fact that in his career the 24-year-old Scottish international has been suspended for a total of 42 days and fined £300, was eagerly publicised by some Italian soccer writers. *(Bremner is pictured A.)*

But since they conveniently omitted to inform their readers that Italy too, has its fair share of temperamental "prima-donnas", I would remind them that Sivori leads the way here having "collected" 27 days in suspensions after 267 games. Next comes Brazilian-born Amarildo with 19 days in 103 matches. Of course they are both South Americans, but Italian-born World Cup stars Pascutti (14 days—269 games) and Bulgarelli (11 days—203 games) plus Capra (11 days—160 games) are also in the running for an "Oscar for foul play."

On the other hand, AS Roma's Losi and Swedish star Hamrin—formerly with Fiorentina, now with AC Milan—have never been sent off, after more than 300 matches. This sporting "Oscar" should also be awarded to another Swede, no longer active: Nils Liedholm, who played 367 games for AC Milan and never received marching orders.

HOW MUCH?

HOW much is a footballer worth? What is the value of a soccer team? Should there be a limit on the amounts paid to players for the renewal of a contract?

These questions spring readily to mind, when one examines the staggering sums of money poured out by Italian clubs to some of the top stars already on their books, in lieu of a fresh signing-on bonus. Italy is a land of great contrasts, socially, educationally and with a tremendous disparity in the standard of living between the rich industrial North, where workers take home wages as high as anywhere in Europe, and the impoverished South with its unemployment problems where thousands live under atrocious conditions and in utter squalor. How do these wretchedly unhappy people feel when reading that Argentinian-born Omar Enrico Sivori has been paid £23,000 for another year's contract quite apart from the princely salary plus bonuses which he is guaranteed to receive for playing football, 90 minutes at the time, once a week, roughly between September and June? Are they not nauseated by the social injustice on hearing that Spanish-born Luis Suarez (Inter-Milan), the German Helmut Haller (Bologna) and their own Antonio Juliano (from Napoli, like Sivori) have each collected £20,000, while another German, Karl-Heinz Schnellinger has pocketed £12,000 and the Swede Kurt Hamrin £10,000, both from AC Milan.

Of course, one could argue that as long as there are clubs willing to pay that kind of money merely to ensure nine months of service, then the players are entitled to cash in on the boom. But this can only be described as typical of the so-called modern society, with its confused sense of values, shallow thinking and mixed up priorities. It is not for me to enlarge and elaborate on these pages upon those Italians, or Spaniards or Portuguese and other underprivileged citizens all over the globe, whose desperate plight must seem even heavier to bear when they hear that a certain Mr. Jack Kent Cooke, the president of U.S. club Los Angeles has offered one million dollars to buy Wolverhampton Wanderers! For the uninitiated, the Wolves are one of the most famous clubs in England. Founded in 1877, when in the rest of the world the game of soccer had not even reached the kindergarten stage, they have been three times champions and three times Cup winners. From their ranks came such greats as Billy Wright, world record holder of 105 international caps. Their board of directors invariably included the most respected citizens and in the 'thirties even the Lord Mayor of the city. It is the favourite team of Agatha Christie, the renowned writer of crime stories. With a disarming instinct of an amateur she once remarked: "Wolves play so excitingly, that every game becomes a real thriller."

But Mr. Cooke, the naïve millionaire, labours under the misapprehension that he can buy them like a piece of property. He simply said to Wolves director Mr. Sproson, when the team played in Los Angeles: "I want to buy your club and I offer one million." But Mr. Sproson replied equally simply: "There isn't enough money to buy us. What do you need us for, anyway?" Mr. Cooke: "Firstly, I can make money and secondly, I like the Wolves. Why shouldn't I buy what I like?" Mr. Cooke obviously doesn't know much about football, otherwise he would not have valued Wolves so low. How can one estimate the value of a club like Wolverhampton Wanderers? With all their players, their potential, their know-how, their organisation, their connections, not to mention their past glories and traditions.

No, one cannot. No more than one could estimate the value of the Royal Opera House although it belongs to another league. But it is not the fault of the millionaire if he thinks that he can buy anything and everything with money. It is simply the depressing fact that soccer has become so commercialised that it leads some poor rich people to this sad and inevitable conclusion.

HAIL CESAR!

BRAZILIAN soccer has taken on a new lease of life. The World Cup disappointments are forgotten, new exciting stars are hitting the headlines and the fans are streaming back into the stadiums.

The so-called "Guanabara Cup" of Rio de Janiero was perhaps the first indication of this revival of football interest with 150,000 spectators watching the three games in the Fifth Round of this six-team tournament run on a championship formula. The deciding clash between America and Botafogo drew nearly 100,000 to the Estadio Maria Filho (formerly called Maracaña). There was a sensational start which brought the crowd to its feet, as after only 90 seconds Brazil's new hope 17-year-old Paulo Cesar scored the opening goal for Botafogo but within two minutes Edu equalised. Botafogo were well on top until the 42nd minute when they lost World Cup winger Jairzinho, who was sent off for retaliation. Against ten men, America seemed set for victory after Eduardo put them 2-1 ahead with a free kick in the 60th minute. Then came another transformation and again it was Paulo Cesar who scored, making it 2-2. When the referee, ignoring the advantage rule, disallowed another goal by Roberto something never seen at Maracana since 1950 had happened. All the neutral fans or supporters of Flamengo, Vasco, Fluminense and Banga, who previously shouted for America, went over solidly to the Botafogo camp. The stadium almost shuddered from the wild cheers reaching an ear-splitting crescendo as Paulo Cesar hit the winner in extra time to complete his hat-trick—3-2! The closing stages were played out to a terrifying roar with the crowd again on their feet although the stadium is nearly all-seated. This victory was a personal triumph for Zagalo the former World Cup winger (1958 and 1962) —now the coach of Botafogo. Remember some of these names for future reference: America played with Aresio; Sergio, Alex, Aldecir, Dejair; Marcos, Ica; Joaozinho, Antunes, Edu, Eduardo. For Botafogo: Manga; Moreira, Zé Carlos, Leonidas, Valtencir; Gerson, Carlos Roberto; Rogerio, Roberto, Jairzinho, Paulo Cesar.

Above all Paulo Cesar, the hero of the match. For four months he fought a battle for a new contract and because of the differences was selected only for the Final! It is quite unbelievable that this youngster took part in only his tenth game for the first team. Hailed as a new Pelé, he proved that he can win a match on his own. He moves with the ball like Pelé, is two-footed and lacks only routine and experience particularly when tackled hard. But he is already assured of a place in the national side. Although nominally a winger, he scored his three goals from the centre-forward position. Incidentally, the best teams in this competition have an average age of only 22. America's coach is none other than Evaristo de Macedo, the former Barcelona and Real Madrid player. His brightest star is Edu (no relation to his namesake from Santos) whose brother Antunes is another fine forward, for whom a great future is forecast.

Both Botafogo and America succeeded through adopting "European" methods, as they call it here, a direct and fluid game, without too many individual tricks or playing to the "gallery"!

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

URUGUAY, one of the world's most successful soccer nations is in dire economical straits. This land lives today only from their magnificent Atlantic coastline, the tourists and the revenue from their numerous gambling casinos. All South Americans are born gamblers and they follow their passionate hobby with rare enthusiasm, whilst on holiday. The general manager of Uruguay's chain of casinos is known to all fans as the "Mariscal"—the Marshal of soccer.

His name is José Nasazzi. Age: 66. Qualifications: the most successful team captain of all time. Twice he led the national side to Olympic triumphs, in 1924 in Paris, in 1928 in Amsterdam and to the World Cup victory in 1930 at Montevideo. Under his captaincy, Uruguay won the South American championship four times. Today, the tall, erect, broad shouldered, elegant gentleman is still every inch the chief, a personality "par excellence". He was asked recently how he enjoyed the South American championship. Nasazzi: "It is six years since I saw my last game. I got bored with being pestered with questions as to whether the game we played was better than that of today. When I said nothing then they wrote that I didn't understand modern football. You just cannot draw comparisons. Today's game is faster and more powerful but technique suffers. In my day soccer was more varied, exciting and beautiful. In our national side a one-footed player would have been unthinkable." Who trained the World Cup team of 1930? Nasazzi: "We were our own coaches. Twice a week a gymnastics teacher would turn up, otherwise we trained with the ball and thus acquired stamina as well." And how did you play tactically? Nasazzi: "Tactics? What tactics? We played according to the need of the moment. Common sense dictated when to switch from attack to defence and vice versa. Today's coaches are all charlatans and the football fans are sillier than in our time. Look at so-called master tacticians. They buy up the best players and win titles or cups with money! And the players? They are only interested in the amount of cash they can earn. They even shy away from playing for the national side. For us this was the greatest honour and our hearts were in it. Of course we had bonuses but no one asked for it in advance because the game was everything, while today it is only the money. It has ruined soccer having become a business and has little to do with sport." Is there a difference between the leather ball and roulette? Nasazzi: "Yes! A football, although capricious, still has a soul but a roulette ball is cold and heartless!"

A CHANCE IN A MILLION

IN an unbelievable accident a young Brazilian soldier, Jorge Sodré Cassani lost his life on the football field of the 12th Infantry regiment at Belo Horizonte.

Cassani played in goal when an opposing forward sent a tremendous shot against the bar which broke in two and fell exactly on the head of the unfortunate soldier. He was immediately taken to hospital but despite frantic efforts died from a crack at the base of the skull. The third police district of Delgado are still continuing with their searching inquiries.

MANAGERS STAYING—MOVING

TEN of Italy's 16 First Division clubs have retained their coaches for the coming season. The two Herrera's, Helenio with Inter and Heriberto at Juventus; Carniglia (Bologna); Chiapella (Fiorentina); Cadé (Mantova); Pessaola (Napoli); Pugliese (Roma); Petagna (Spal); Bernardini (Sampdoria) and Arcari (Varese).

But AC Milan re-engaged Rocco, who had a spell with Torino, while Vicenza appointed Silvestri, formerly with AC Milan. Four managers who happened to be on the look-out for fresh posts received new contracts: Vicini (Brescia); Puricelli (Cagliari); Tabanelli (Atalanta) and . . . Edmondo Fabbri the former boss of the national side who failed so lamentably in the World Cup has taken over at Torino. Good luck Edmondo . . . you will need it!

NO TROUBLE?

IN the June issue of "World Soccer" I warned that British football has the unenviable reputation of being the toughest in Europe and not only on the field of play, it would seem! But now, the president of the Football League, Mr. Len Shipman, declares that the amount of troublemakers on English grounds is quite small—only two per cent. ONLY TWO PER CENT?!

Whilst I do not question Mr. Shipman's methods of calculation nor his computing abilities, I sincerely hope he realises the implication of that statement. It means, in effect, that if you visit an English League ground today, attended by a crowd of say, 30,000 then you can expect to find some 600 rowdies! I don't know if Mr. Shipman regards these figures as comforting—I find them quite alarming.

According to the "Daily Sketch" (September 14), the secretary of the Football League Mr. Alan Hardaker is highly critical of the Minister for Sport's suggestion that psychiatrists, sociologists and psychologists should team up to probe the bent minds of soccer hooligans. It appears that Dr. John Harrington, a 45-year-old Birmingham consultant psychiatrist, has been asked by the Minister, Mr. Denis Howell to lead the "couch crusade' 'in which sent-off footballers and arrested spectators would be interviewed. Said Hardaker: "I get sick to the teeth with outsiders trying to turn soccer into a whipping boy. Hooliganism is a national problem and in football it is only a very small minority who cause trouble." He goes on: "I am against head shrinkers of any kind, but if this team ask for League help I shall suggest they start their probe on the Kop in a Liverpool-Everton game.

"Or perhaps the probe would be better if it investigated broadcasting, television and the newspapers. They all blow up the incidents and this sort of publicity is what the thugs enjoy. Last Saturday the BBC said on the news '. . . there was trouble on two more soccer grounds.' Why not start by saying that there wasn't any trouble on the other 44?"

Well, I am already taking a leaf out of Mr. Hardaker's book and here is *my* Sports bulletin for next Saturday:

"Soccer matches were played on 46 League grounds this afternoon. There *wasn't* any trouble on three of them. Altogether, 1,104 players (including substitutes) took part in these games. 26 of them were *not* sent off. A total of 703,826 spectators attended the matches. 2,311 fans were *not* arrested!"

Now we can all relax. There is no truth in the statements that there is trouble on English soccer grounds. These are wicked rumours spread by footballers who have been struck by opponents and by spectators who were hit by flying bottles!

Soccer's unpredictability is a fascination

English Review by LESLIE PAGE

A LONG time ago, many of us came to the conclusion life is by no means perfect and if you are to live in it with equilibrium, the only thing is to achieve some form of compromise. That which applies to life must also apply to soccer and it must be a matter of surprise when eyebrows are raised at some of the strange affairs which go on in the game.

If Association football was perfect at all times, it would draw small audiences, everything would be predictable and the entire business could be slotted into a computer. For those who desire this kind of existence, the next few decades will, doubtless, provide it and if sanity is to be preserved, it will be left to a number of extraneous activities (and sport must fall into this category) to hold out against regimentation

Accepting that view, I am surprised when soccer *afficianados* leap and scream in agony when the game merely *looks* as if it is about to become bogged in administrative disputes and complicated legislation. There are those who think, in all honesty, that it is impossible to take the essential ingredients away no matter in what position soccer finds itself.

It is bound to be formulated by the subscribers and if it must conform to a rigid pattern, we can all pack up and take to some other pastime. It is perfectly possible to imagine a playing area not covered with grass, but with foamy, non-slippable, green plastic which does not wear out and is only minutely affected by atmospheric conditions. Furthermore, stadia could be covered and hippies might invade the arena every fifteen minutes to give an added touch of colour. There is no limit to the possibilities and certain sections of football's enthusiasts already fear particular trends which they claim reflect no credit on the sport as a whole.

It is impossible to deny that finance now motivates the senior outfits. They have grown more powerful over the years and their hold over the English scene becomes more embracing. Unless one of the official bodies decides it is time to control transfer fees and the movement of manpower generally, soccer flesh will continue to follow the almighty money god whether we like it or not. Success must come to clubs with large followings, they must make a way into Europe and, therefore, all else is subjugated. Managers are pushed aside by directors and clubs are, in their turn, repudiated by players seeking status and fame in the short time available to them.

No longer are clubs prepared to wait and see if an ailing side can be rejuvenated by extra training, planning talks and other confidence - building activities. Teams are seen to have notable gaps and the word goes out that these gaps must be plugged. If managers do not agree, their heads are on the chopping block. Directors demand success for teams with which they are connected because they know early failure turns away crowds and fortune. It is now too late to recast a side mid-way through a season. The first ten or so League matches are evidence enough to suggest where changes are necessary and the names of possible replacements are mulled over incessantly, in some cases without the player himself being aware of it.

Echelons

Committed in Europe and to a long domestic programme covering three competitions (for most clubs), leading clubs in the new season were quick to spot faults and failures. The transfer market opened mighty early and managers in the lower echelons were removed from their jobs with little more than a sad farewell.

League champions, Manchester United, entered October without shaking the foundations, but this was often the way of a club which built-up from strength. Their League position was comfortable as they almost paced the table and their European Cup performances were modulated and confident. Brian Kidd displayed all the makings of another youngster from the nursery on the point of making a considerable impact on British soccer as a whole.

At least one of the fancied clubs of the season made some of the front-running. Liverpool, reinforced by the arrival of Tony Hateley, were using wing-men as wing-men and rejoicing in the expertise of Ian Callaghan and Peter Thompson, serving Hateley with the kind of opportunities which came to him rarely at Stamford Bridge.

Anfield, and the Kop, in particular, were pleased with Bill Shankly's men who had power and knowledge and the hope remained that the club could succeed in Europe, in the Fairs Cup, in contrast to previous attempts in Continental affairs over the past few campaigns.

A distinct change occurred in North London where Arsenal, for so long the lame dogs by comparison with their past triumphs, picked up league points in commanding fashion and had much for which they could thank Ian Ure, although the blonde, plundering Scot, still wanted to leave the club. Dave Sexton coached the Highbury brigade with joyful enthusiasm and the quiet Bertie Mee smiled a knowing smile. Suddenly, the entire side looked far better, snapped chances and appeared reasonably well equipped to face the tough winter ahead.

Streamers

Alan Brown, without bells or streamers, guided Sheffield Wednesday to green fields, rejoicing in a blended combination little altered from last season. Manchester City, surprisingly, perhaps, struck out for honours in determined fashion led by Joe Mercer and forwards Colin Bell and Mike Summerbee, added to their already rising reputations.

Nottingham Forest nicely positioned themselves and swung into Europe in the Fairs' Cup which brought them pleasure and pain. Frank Wignall became the first Forest man to be sent off since 1939 in a club match when he was given "marching orders" against Eintracht Frankfurt, following a similar dismissal during the FA Canadian tour. Rumours spread that Spurs intended to spend money on a side already one of the most costly in the land. Dave Mackay was lost to them through injury and wishing to consolidate a place in Europe again, this time in the Cup-Winners' competition, reports flew around that Bill Nicholson was poised to strike in the transfer market.

Leeds United, sweating through the summer over the delayed Fairs' Cup Final from last season, had to give best to Dynamo Zagreb when the occasion did, finally, materialise, losing 0-2 on aggregate. Don Revie was aware injuries made his side suspect in many positions, especially up front where chances went a-begging. To rectify this, Leeds acquired the services of Mick Jones from Sheffield United for around £100,000. United's manager, John Harris, did not wish to sell and the Bramall Lane board were roundly abused by their supporters for allowing the move. Men who score goals are at a premium and Jones with two England appearances to his credit, was, in Revie's eyes, the catalyst his front men needed.

Southampton's twin strikers, Martin Chivers and Ron Davies, proved to be the best goalscoring combination in the League both at home and away, although the club record outside the Dell must cause Ted Bates some moments of alarm. Wolves felt their way gently and the early surprise was the slow start by Everton who, surely, must improve on their opening gambit. From Goodison came the news that Brian Labone (28) four times "capped" for England, had told the club he wanted to give up soccer when his contract expires in June 1969. Labone said he felt players needed to plan for the point when they could phase themselves out of the game if they have known little else but soccer since leaving school.

West Ham, despite heavy expenditure during the close-season, had little to show for it with the expensive Bobby Ferguson dropped at one juncture and Jim Standen, leaving for the States at the end of the year, taking over. Chelsea, too, made little progress, signing Geoff Butler from Middlesbrough for £60,000 with the heat on the Docherty men. Hit by injuries, Fulham, were in early difficulties, West

EDDIE FIRMANI. (Prosser).

FRANK CASPER. (Wilkes).

MICK JONES. (A.)

ERNIE HUNT. (Prov.)

Bromwich slumped dangerously and Sheffield United looked to be losing heart, especially after the Mick Jones affair. Why Matt Gillies' Leicester City ran into immediate trouble was difficult to fathom.

With Jimmy Hill announcing his intention of leaving Coventry having put them into Division One, followed by George Curtis breaking his leg and the arrival of Tony Knapp from Southampton for £25,000, it gave the Midland side a strange introduction to life at the top. Weathering these blows will not be easy and much will depend upon spirit and enthusiasm.

League Cup holders and promoted, Queen's Park Rangers took pole-axing blows right from the start, yet led Division Two for many weeks. At one time five senior men went on the injured list including last season's scoring machine, Rodney Marsh, injured in July training. Marsh was scheduled to return, at least, by November. All Rangers' remarkable progress was blurred by a number of home matches leaving a nasty taste which Alec Stock and his board greatly regretted. The team was roundly panned by the Press who felt the early pace would be dulled by tougher opposition as the campaign lengthened.

Blackburn Rovers took up where they left off last May, Blackpool gave every indication of not staying too long in the section, Crystal Palace looked boldly confident while Derby County, Portsmouth and Ipswich fluttered their feathers in the advance party. Charlton sacked Bob Stokoe and promoted South African, Eddie Firmani, as manager and Bristol City nudged Bert Ford out of his chair after six years because he did not buy players to improve the club's position! Ford maintained, with some truth, the market prices were inflated. Incidentally, Firmani at 34, is not the youngest ever League manager; Bedford Jezzard was 30 when he took over at Fulham. Current Derby County chief, Brian Clough, is 32. Neither is Firmani the first South African manager. This honour went years ago to Frank Osborne at Fulham.

Backers

Cliff Britton's Hull City, were disappointing their backers and Aston Villa continued to slide and slide even in their lower station. In Division Three, Torquay, Walsall and Peterborough made the running with Reading much fancied and Brighton improved, strengthened by the arrival of John Napier, Eire's international centre-half from Bolton. Watford failed to get going, Orient, as most expected, appeared hopelessly outclassed, were soon seeking to borrow players when injuries struck and manager, Dick Graham, faced an almost impossible task.

At Northampton, Dave Bowen retired to the background as general manager, while ex-Spurs man Toni Marchi, stepped in as team-manager coach. Promoted Barrow brought in ex-Leicester City and Charlton wing-half Colin Appleton as player-manager to the exclusion of Don McEvoy who left for Grimsby Town. Aldershot and Southend surprised in Division Four and appeared to be making firm tracks to get away from the Northern circuit on which Rochdale manager, Tony Collins, resigned.

Harry Catterick at Everton, gave evidence to show his playing strength is under constant scrutiny. After allowing Fred Pickering to move to Birmingham for £50,000 and Jimmy Gabriel to Southampton for £45,000, he signed Ernie Hunt from Wolves for £70,000 and like the other half-dozen top club chiefs, threatened to pounce at the drop of a hat elsewhere. Alex Scott also made a Goodison exit, returning north of the border to Hibernian for £13,000.

The fiery Billy Bremner, sent off against Fulham and "booked" against Burnley, looked to be a man to face the Disciplinary Committee in no uncertain manner. Last season, Leeds United lost Bremner for four weeks while he worked out a suspension which also cost him something around £300 in wages. The number of players generally dismissed from the field of play continued to rise and many more must have followed if all referees took their instructions a little more seriously. Burnley, in the meantime, seemed to have a winner in the £30,000 paid out to Rotherham for inside-forward Frank Casper.

One childish ploy was quickly quashed by the League when they told clubs, plainly, they must announce a side fifteen minutes before kick-off and also have men in shirts numbered according to the programme. Before this statement, one club played a new man whose name was never given to the spectators or advised to the opposition and only revealed, after a while, by visiting pressmen.

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Hungarian Newsletter

Ageless Matrai returns

DENMARK (h) 6-0, France 4-2, Austria (h) 3-1, Yugoslavia 1-0, Holland 2-1, Denmark (a) 2-0, Austria (a) 3-1—these were the results of the last seven internationals played by Hungary. Seven consecutive victories, admittedly, some against moderate opposition, nevertheless an impressive sequence, showing a goal average of 21-5!

The victorious game in Vienna was considered as the important dress rehearsal for the forthcoming European Championship matches versus East Germany, so manager Rudolf Illovsky took special care in choosing the team and working out effective tactics.

As Kalman Meszoly is still only in light training following his recent injury, the ageless "jolly-joker" of Hungarian football, Sandor Matrai, had to be drafted in once again to complete the defensive pack. Mathesz was given the assignment to look after the dangerous Flogel, and the forward-line included the "enfant terrible", Zoltan Varga, who is back in favour as a "striker-cum-linkman". A brand new conception of tactical expediency after the recent much publicised quarrel between the national team manager and the blond genius(?) from Ferencvaros.

This way, Illovsky hasn't lost face and Varga can play any way he likes — perfect example of having your cake and eating it at the same time. An impossibility anywhere else, but in Hungary, an everyday occurrence!

Erwin Alge, the Austrian team manager, astonished everybody with his last minute team selection, leaving out several favourites of the Press and public. Poor Alge must be either a reckless gambler who staked everything on this final disastrous throw, or he is a man with strong suicidal tendencies, and actually enjoyed putting his head on the chopping block. 75,000 people attended the match in the Prater Stadium, right in the middle of the "Harry Lime" territory, but instead of the zither music, they heard the funeral march of Austrian football.

The Hungarians dominated the play from the kick-off, and after Farkas hit the post and Bene missed from two yards out, the same two players made amends combining brilliantly for a well-taken goal by the latter.

Illovsky called off Mathesz at half-time, realising that Flogel did not need any special attention in his present form, and brought in the more constructive Gorocs. The gamble came off, the forward-line played even better than in the first 45 minutes, and further goals by Farkas and Varga were insufficient proof of the immense superiority of the Hungarians. Hof made the score look even more respectable in the 78th minute after a corner-kick. It could have been, and it should have been six, it was a massacre and a great display by the "Magyars", an inept one by the home team. The crowd was howling with anger all through the second-half calling for Alge to resign, and this unfortunate victim of years of bungling by his predecessors in the Austrian "hot-seat" had to be smuggled out of the ground two hours after the game was over. Imagine a similar thing happening to Sir Alfred Ramsey at Wembley!

From dreams back to reality, from the sweet smell of success in the internationals, back to the struggle with Vasas for the second place in the League—that was the path Illovsky had to follow. After the early season successes, the ex-champions hit a rather inconsistent patch winning easily one week (v. Dunaujvaros 8-0) losing the next (v. Pecs 1-3).

Their much anticipated "derby" v. Ferencvaros turned out to be a real thriller with the score see-sawing and the result in balance right up to the last kick of the match. Albert opened the scoring in the 38th minute, but Korsos equalised just before half-time. The second-half was all Vasas and Geczi made some magnificent saves to keep the green and whites' goal intact. However, in the 70th minute, Szucs's bad clearance was picked up by Puskas, who slammed the ball home after dribbling past the desperate goalkeeper. The unbeaten record of "Fradi" was in grave danger at this point of the tussle, but the Albert-Varga tandem were equal to the task once again. "Flori" took the ball down on the left flank, then pinpointed a centre to Varga, who only had to beat his namesake in the Vasas goal to score easily (2-2). Vasas were happy with the point taken off the champion-elects, since the pre-match forecasters were sure of a Ferencvaros victory.

Antal Dunai of Ujpesti currently leads the scorers in Hungary with 25 goals from 23 games. (L.V.)

National chart

Ferencvaros are still playing superbly, the question before their League matches is, by what score are they going to win, and how many goals will Albert get to put him on top of the national goalscoring chart. Two each v. Diosgyor and Dunaujvaros were helpful, but the centre-forward was strangely below his best in the Honved match when the rest of the players produced possibly their best performances of the entire campaign. Honved were annihilated to the tune of 7-1! The first six goals were scored by Varga 2, Rakosi 2, Szoke and Novak. Then Rakosi was upended inside the box and Novak, the usual penalty taker, came up to complete the formalities, but the 30,000 crowd started to chant "Al-bert, Al-bert," demanding that their idol should put his name on the scoring list. Albert, like the superb showman he is, accepted the challenge, sent the goalkeeper the wrong way with an indolent feint and rolled the ball into the unguarded right side of the net, accepting the delighted supporters' adulation with the grace of a crack bullfighter.

But the victim of this humiliating defeat wasn't a dumb animal, but the most capped Hungarian footballer of all time, Jozsef Bozsik, the Honved manager. After this debacle, he was

● *Continued on page 33*

from LESLIE VERNON

FOUR STEP FIASCO

BRIAN GLANVILLE writes

"E UNA FESSERIA," said Cudicini, the Milan goalkeeper, "it's an idiocy." We were sitting in the Milan team coach on the way back from the Stadio Communale in Florence where the tall, thin Cudicini had, with a series of remarkable saves, preserved Milan's 1-0 victory in a friendly. His scorn was directed towards the new four steps rule, which limits goalkeepers to taking four paces and no more with the ball, before clearing.

Cudicini thought he'd found a way round it; "I take two steps," he said, with satisfaction, "drop the ball, play it with my feet, so that I become just an ordinary player, then pick it up again." He was surprised and a little perturbed when I told him that some referees in England had already decided that this infringed the law; a law which he—and I—feel to be absurd.

"Very well," he said, "there's perhaps one goalkeeper in Italy to whom it might properly apply: Sarti of Inter, a veteran who sometimes kills time. But it must be worse still in England, where goalkeepers can be charged. Here in Italy, it doesn't happen."

It was presumably against the Continental and South American, rather than British, goalkeeper that the law was framed. We are all tediously aware of the goalkeeper, European, Latin American or whatever, who bounces the ball round in small, reflective circles in his penalty box, while the whole game dies a temporary death. This was scarcely possible in Britain where such a goalkeeper would quickly find himself charged. Now, by an irony, it is precisely the British goalkeeper who finds himself in difficulty.

Descending from the sublime to the ridiculous, the goalkeeper for obscure amateur teams is at a still greater disadvantage than his professional brothers. The confusion on Wormwood Scrubs this season, where Sunday morning referees necessarily applied the rule, was unimaginable. In two matches in which I was personally concerned, fouls against the goalkeeper for exceeding four paces led to one goal in one instance, to hitting the bar, in another. In a third case, a goalkeeper who pleaded desperately that he'd taken a mere two paces was penalised by a referee just as sure he'd taken four. This time, the eventual shot was blocked.

The fact is that, over the years, the pendulum has swung much too far against the goalkeeper. In the first place, massed defence has made his task immeasurably more difficult. In many cases, he is no longer the master of his own penalty area, but must look out anxiously past a thicket of heavy thighs and broad shoulders. Lev Yashin himself, the best and most respected goalkeeper in the world, has complained of this. Today, he believes, the goalkeeper often sees a shot only at the last moment, or else it is deflected past him by one of his own defenders.

There could scarcely have been a better example of the first instance than in the semi-final of the 1966 World Cup; at Everton. Beckenbauer's clever shot curled round a wall of Russian defenders, and poor Yashin, scrambling frenetically to the far post, arrived just in time to see the ball float into the net. Afterwards, he was, you may remember, publicly blamed by his manager; an insult to a great player, and an accusation which, in my view, had very little basis.

Lev Yashin of Russia, one of the greatest goalkeepers in the world, complains that custodians are no longer masters of their own penalty area. (A.)

British goalkeepers, moreover, have been deprived since 1951 of the little protection they had against rampant opposing forwards. Till then, one had the frequent and familiar sight of a defender, arms outspread, standing between his own goalkeeper and a lurking forward. After 1951, the promulgation of the obstruction law made this illegal; defenders now had to stand aside to see their goalkeepers bumped and banged *a piacere*.

If the International Board wanted to bring in the four steps rule, for which there was undoubtedly a strong case, they should have balanced it with a further rule, banning the charging of goalkeepers. True that this, in effect, would have applied only in Britain, but it is precisely in Britain, as I've explained, that one finds the problem at its most aggravated.

Which still leaves us with Cudicini's complaint, one he reinforces with his theory—undeniable—that attacks should start with the goalkeeper. A goalkeeper worried about the number of paces he can take or has taken will scarcely have the peace of mind to clear the ball to the best placed man.

What, then, is the solution? It can scarcely lie where it should ideally lie, in the portmanteau, infinitely elastic, rule of ungentlemanly conduct. If it had, then the new law would have been totally superfluous. A goalkeeper who provocatively bounced the ball round and round his penalty area to waste time was quite clearly guilty of ungentlemanly conduct, but I cannot remember having seen a referee as much as admonish him, let alone penalise him with a free kick.

The possible solution of the four step rule plus a ban on charging the goalkeeper virtually exists already in Europe and South America, where the goalie remains a sacred cow; and, as we have seen, goalkeepers don't like it. Is there a possible compromise in terms of the number of steps taken? Could it somehow be extended, while retaining some sort of maximum? Don't forget that not so long ago, a goalkeeper could take only three steps, before he had to bounce the ball.

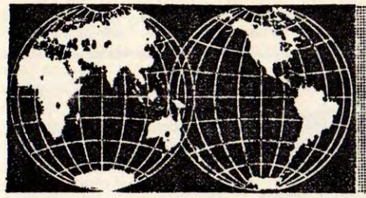
The trouble is at the moment that goalkeepers have for years been conditioned to taking as many paces as they pleased, provided they bounced the ball. To oblige them, now, to clear immediately, after a mere four paces, is to put into reverse the mental habits of generations. It might have been sensible, if this was what the International Board wanted, to have done it by stages.

My own view, however, is that four paces are altogether too few. Granted that one wants to make the goalkeeper get on with the game, there is still, surely, a golden mean. Perhaps it might be found by limiting him to a total of six steps, three at a time, with a bounce in the middle. This, it is true, gives him only two steps more than he has at the moment; but at least it provides him with a certain rhythm; one, two, three, bounce, one, two, three, clear—which would make life much easier.

As things stand, there is really nothing to stop Continental goalkeepers exploiting the law as readily as some of them did in the past. A goalkeeper, having gained possession of the ball, and knowing full well that no opposing forward is going to challenge him, can simply, if he pleases, stand still with it; bouncing it if he wishes, to give the illusion of activity.

He can then take a pace, bounce the ball and contemplate again, and thus proceed until his four paces are exhausted. Ungentlemanly conduct, perhaps, but, as I have pointed out, referees in the past have been extraordinarily reluctant to interpret it as such.

As things stand, one can almost visualise the formation of a Goalkeepers' Union, the arriving of a deputation to the International Board, in Zurich. Certainly the goalkeepers have a case and, since football is one and indivisible, let it not be forgotten that the poor 'keepers in the public parks are suffering still more than their illustrious seniors.



AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

CZECH "MATE" MARKO

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

AFTER a disappointing 3-1 defeat by the French Under-23 side in Paris, Josef Marko's full national team gained a reprieve by beating Spain 1-0 a week later in their home European Championship tie. The Czechs now have maximum points from three games while Spain have six from five games. The crucial clash comes on October 22 when the two sides meet again, this time in Madrid.

Meanwhile, Marko's men have been invited to compete in an International Tournament in Chile next February and a decision either way could cause the FA trouble. For it's their job to decide whether to give the Czech boss a full go-ahead to enter this tourney or to concentrate on building up the Olympic XI for 1968. You may remember that four years ago the verdict was for the "Amateurs" and while they finished second in Tokyo the "Professionals" failed to even qualify for the World Cup Finals.

An interesting piece of transfer news is that two players have swopped clubs in what is virtually an exchange deal. Last year's shock side Spartak Trnava have lost their international wing-half Kamil Majernik, who has been called up for National Service and will therefore be playing for the Army side, Dukla. However, at the same time, Trnava regain the services of Jan Zlocha from Dukla now that his term of enlistment has ended!

BRAZIL

THE CBD pulled a sly stroke when they asked Botafogo coach Zagalo to prepare a Rio XI for the match with Chile, which they won incidentally 1-0. In doing so they have by-passed national coach Aymore Moreira but it is not surprising. For under the former World Cup star, Botafogo already look at this early stage the likely champions. Four straight wins with a goal tally of eight to two plus the Guanabara Cup make Zagalo a most popular fellow.

Amongst the squad chosen for the Chile encounter were former World Cup stalwarts — Gerson, Paulo Henrique, Manga and Fidelis but one player who is catching the eye in his first season of first-team football is Botafogo's left-winger, 17-year-old Paulo Cesar.

On to Sao Paulo and Santos—Pelé-less—have made great strides up the league table recently, culminating in a 2-1 triumph over leaders Corinthians achieved still without their maestro.

ARGENTINA

PERUVIAN referee, Alberto Tejada was the centre-piece of a fortnight's speculation before the Racing-Nacional second-leg for the Taca de los Libertadores. Tongues were busy with the rumour that a not unknown Argentinian had flown to Lima in an attempt to "nobble" the official and while it was thought that the Uruguayans might counter, Senor Tejada voluntarily signed a statement and swore an oath to the contrary.

Only a timely intervention by the Confederacion Sudamericana de Futbol saved the situation from getting out of hand by appointing another referee to the job—Cesar Orozco (also Peru)—who had been in charge for the first-leg. Perhaps it was just as well for one Buenos Aires newspaper, "Clarin", had published an interview with Racing President, Santiago Saccol who said . . . "Just a hint of anything unusual and our team will walk off the field."

Currently in the running to take over in charge of the National XI is Renato Cesarini. Having been mainly responsible for the reorganisation of the league set-up, Senor Valentin Suarez has approached Senor Cesarini with notions towards the 1970 World Cup push. It may be remembered that Cesarini was in charge of River Plate when they made a sensational start to the 1965 league campaign. Finally, however, they were caught and passed by rivals Boca Juniors who had the pleasure of inflicting upon River a 2-1 defeat which won them the championship. This resulted in a bomb appearing through Cesarini's letter-box and an explosion amounted to £3,000 worth of damage. It is hoped he can produce fireworks of a different sort if he gets the job.

VENEZUELA

ACADEMICA (Portugal), Atletico Bilbao (Spain), and Platense (Argentina) were the pre-season visitors to Caracas for the "Little World Cup" for clubs now in its twentieth year. It was a Spain v. Portugal final with Bilbao 1-0 winners.

In the earlier matches only police participation prevented one game from ending in a riot. For in the Platense-Bilbao clash, the Argentinian Medina was ordered off after punching Spanish forward Arieta who had just scored the only goal. He refused to leave the park but was finally "persuaded" by the authorities. As a result the following series of penalties were devised by the Venezuelan FA: Medina banned for the rest of the series; Platense fined 1,000 dollars with manager Angel Labruna (formerly known as the Stanley Matthews of Argentina) receiving a strong caution; and referee Luis Yanez suspended for six months for failing to do his duty of controlling the game! Other FA's please note.

URUGUAY

WHILE most people were under the impression that Penarol's visit to Europe including the tilt at Celtic was meant as a test for the European Cup-holders, the real reason behind the move can now be revealed. The failure of the team to win either the 1966 championship or the Taca de los Libertadores has caused a considerable loss of morale for the players and a considerable loss of money for the directors. Therefore, the clubs sought, successfully, a month's relief from League matches in order to play several friendlies to recoup both missing cash and confidence. Starting off at Cadiz where they entered the annual Trofeo Carranza, they first lost to Valencia 0-2 but the following day, Sunday beat Vasco da Gama, 3-1 before flying to Glasgow on the Monday. The next night they were beaten by the rampant "Celts" 1-2. Off again on the Wednesday to Hamburg.

MEXICO

AS a result of the meeting, joint leaders Universidad and Toluca the former now go two points clear on clinching a 2-1 win. Next tying for third place come Vera Cruz and Nexaca showing a four point deficit with Guadalajara, who have virtually had a stranglehold on Mexican soccer for seven years, only sixth.

With the World Cup to be staged here only three years away (less in fact) a lot of people think that the hosts will do very well but at the same time it is rather alarming the amount of "foreigners" now playing in Mexican soccer which in the long run can only prevent the progress of younger players. To illustrate this to the full one has only to point to the goalscorers' lists where the leaders are as follows: Ubiracy (Vera Cruz) 9, Javan (Vera Cruz) and Zague (America) both on eight. These three are all Brazilians!

RUSSIA

THE Russian Cup Final will be an all Moscow affair with Dynamo possessing the opportunity to equal Dynamo Kiev's record of the "Double" as they also lead by three clear points in the league from Kiev. Their opponents will be CSKA. In the semi-finals Dynamo thrashed Division II side Sokolov Seraton 4-0, while CSKA struggled to a replay against Neftianik Baku, winning 2-0 after a 0-0 draw.

Russian coach Mikhail Jakuschin was a most popular figure after his team had beaten Finland home and away to make almost certain of their place in the European Championship quarter-finals. Following a 2-0 win at home the Russians scored twice in the return at Turku before the Finlanders had had time to warm up. Szabo (replacing the suspended Voronin) and Chislenko were the men on target. Then, much to the delight of the 8,000 crowd, Finland pegged them back with two from Peltonen, pen., and Syrjavaara. Banischevski restored the lead at 3-2 and further second-half goals from Szabo, pen., and Malafeev saw Russia home.

But, Jakuschin blotted his own copy book when in their next game they could only draw 2-2 with Switzerland in Moscow. He had made the mistake of underestimating the Swiss and had released players from Dynamo Kiev and Moscow Torpedo to help their respective clubs in Europe as well as resting Lev Yashin.

DENMARK

PICKING nine players under 21, Icelandic coach Raynar Karlsson was just asking for trouble and he got it when his inexperienced side visited Copenhagen recently. The 21,000 crowd, basking in the sunshine, saw their favourites whip the "youngsters" 14-2. Ironically, for Iceland, the Danish forward who did the most damage was named Finn Laudrup with a hat-trick while debutant, John Steen Olsen, looked very promising on the right-wing.

Olsen plays for champions, Hvidovre, who incidentally lost their position at the top of the table for the first time in one and a half seasons owing to their chief rivals Akademisk playing twice within 48 hours and winning on both occasions. Conceding only seven goals in the first 13 games, Hvidovre have won six and drawn seven and are still unbeaten with a game in hand and only a point behind.

The Danes followed up their slaughter of Iceland with an equally remarkable win, although a lot closer, against Holland in the EC. One in front at half-time the gallant Danish held on and finished 3-2 winners. The scorers were—Bjerre 2 (1 pen.), Sondegaard for Denmark, Suurbier and Israel replying for the Dutch. Neither of these teams have much chance of qualifying for the quarter-finals as Hungary look to have that group sown up.

AUSTRIA

ERWIN ALGE's six-month reign as Austrian FA boss looks as if it could come to a premature end at any moment. Herr Alge was booed throughout the 1-3 defeat by Hungary by 58,000 people present and the biggest cheer all afternoon came when Alge apparently got the "message" and left the Stadium halfway through the second period.

But, undismayed, Alge insisted he would carry on rebuilding his side and a move to new surroundings to play the next home international with Finland at Linz (the first time Vienna has not staged an international) would greatly help to take the pressure off him and his team. This the FA agreed to but now it seems that time may well be running out for him as the Austrians suffered another humiliating defeat in Athens where Greece hammered them 4-1 (2-0). For Austria's thirteenth boss since the war, luck seems to have deserted him. The next month could tell.

SPAIN

AFTER a fantastically successful 24 years, Real Madrid president, Don Santiago Bernabeu announced that he would not be running for re-election next time. When he took over Real, they had a small broken-down ground but since have become world famous. Their honours list includes the European Cup six times, the "Little World Cup" in Caracas, the Latin Cup, and ten times champions and four times runners-up in the Spanish league. The one that gave Don Santiago most enjoyment? The sixth European Cup success for it was achieved with an all-Spanish eleven.

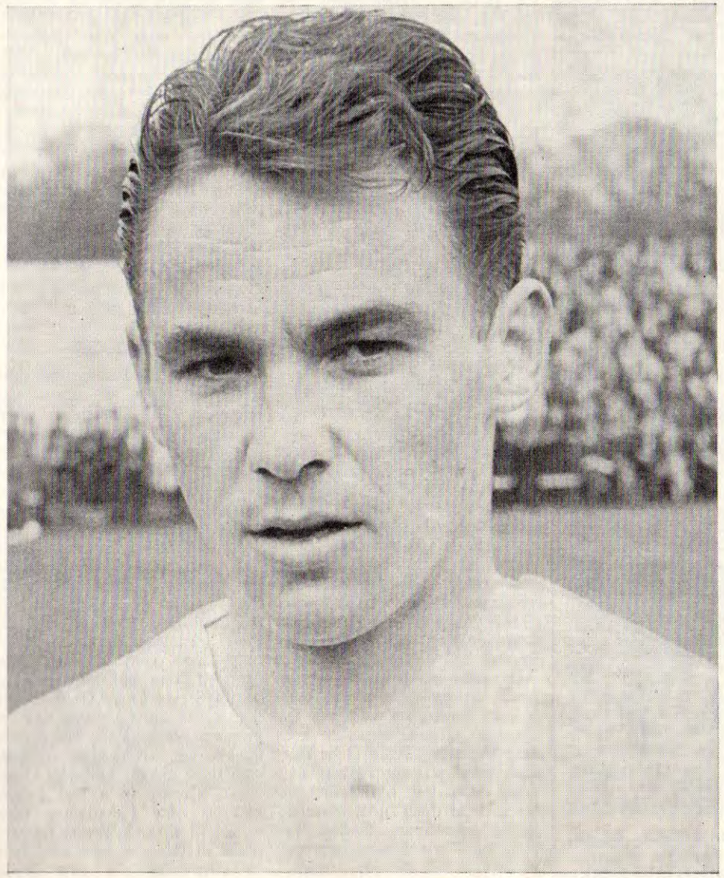
EAST GERMANY

THE East German national side under coach Karoly Soos lost any remaining hope of reaching the European Championship quarter-finals when the Hungarians beat them 3-1 in the Nep Stadion, Budapest. Centre-forward Henning Frenzel scored the Germans' solitary goal after 60 minutes but not before Janos Farkas had bagged three for the Magyars.

WEST GERMANY

DURING a league match between Eintracht Gelsenkirchen and Westfalia Herne an interesting situation arose concerning the rules over substitutes. Westfalia goalkeeper Pichnik was sent off. Under German rules teams now have thirteen players — a substitute goalkeeper AND another player — and without a competent 'keeper in the remaining ten the Westfalia manager called off his wing-half Nowak and replaced him with substitute GOALKEEPER Sorinski who promptly took up position under the crossbar. Now the rule states that substitutes are not allowed for players sent off and so the FA have to decide what was the correct procedure under the circumstances, and if Westfalia have breached the rules.

In the meantime Helmut Schon's squad prepared to face Yugoslavia in a very important EC match. By the time you read this the match and perhaps the Group itself may well have been decided but the Germans must be hot favourites to pull off a victory before their own spectators and thus draw level with the "Slavs" on four points each. And as neither side looks in too much danger against the third member of the group, Albania, a play-off looks on the cards here.



HENNING FRENZEL. (Met.)

South American Commentary

UNDISPUTED CHAMPIONS

by GORDON JEFFERY

ON a warm evening towards the middle of December the 1967 Argentinian championship season, that began early last March, should be concluded—and, for the first time, there will be an undisputed *national* champion club who, with the runner-up, will compete in the 1968 South American Championship for clubs.

Argentina, with only about half the population of Britain, is geographically a vast country—more than eleven times the size of the United Kingdom, five times the size of France. From the north, where it can be very warm, to the south, very cold, the country stretches for some 2,200 miles: east to west across the maximum width of the wedge it is nearly a thousand miles. Not yet perhaps the likelihood of a continuing national league over such a vast territory—although the successful running of a league covering clubs throughout at least the European part of the Soviet Union suggests that distance need no longer prove too big a handicap. More relevant is consideration of the standards of play by clubs outside of the mainstream of football in a country—and, of course, where the game is organised on a professional basis, anticipation of the financial gains from an extension of area.

The second stage of the Argentinian championship, with four clubs from the interior joining the twelve top clubs of the Metropolitan Championship, has only just begun and it is far too soon to attempt any assessment of the quality, against top opposition, of the four "new" clubs. This will be amongst the most interesting aspects of Argentinian football to consider in the next few months but who knows but that amongst them there is a club capable of making as emphatic an impression on Argentinian football as did Cruzeiro, earlier in the year, in Brazil? The domination of Buenos Aires in the Argentine needs, for the good of the game in that country, to be challenged, as Cruzeiro have the Rio/Santos monopoly of Brazilian football. The richness is spread throughout their countries—the reward for seeking it will show in the Argentinian and Brazilian teams on duty in Mexico in the 1970 World Cup.

There is a hint of the broader development of football in Argentina in the well-merited victory of Estudiantes in the Metropolitan Championship with a team composed largely of youngsters who were third team (and Third Division) players only two years ago—but mention of Estudiantes' championship is anticipating the end of the first part of the Argentinian Championship story that should properly begin — to bring new and old readers up to date!—with each club still having four matches to play. The position then was that, in Zone A, Racing and Estudiantes were in front on 24 points apiece, Velez Sarsfield and Boca Juniors followed with 22 points, Quilmes with 18 and Lanus with 16. These, as the table stood, were in the top six places that would qualify for participation in the National Championship of the second half of the season. Behind them, with the 7th and 8th positions to be sought after as ensuring a place in the "promotion" division without need of further qualification, came Huracan, Newells Old Boys and Colon, all with 15 points, and, in the last two places, Argentinos Juniors with twelve points and Atlanta with eleven.

POSSIBLE

In Zone B, as in Zone A, two clubs were level-pegging at the top—Platense and Independiente, each with 23 points. Behind them, completing the top six positions, came Ferro Carril Oeste (22), San Lorenzo and Rosario Central (each 21) and Gimnasia (20). In seventh place—but three points behind Gimnasia—were River Plate, so often the pride of Argentinian club football; and behind River were Union and Banfield with sixteen points apiece, Deportivo Espanol with thirteen and Chacarita Juniors with ten.

With four clubs in Zone A having a good chance of heading the table and six in Zone B; with three clubs in each zone on almost level terms in the contest for the 7th and 8th positions in each zone, but perhaps above all, with River's chances of qualification still doubtful, it was obvious that the last matches in the Metropolitan Championship would be keenly contested—and no great surprise that seven of the eleven matches played in the 19th week resulted in draws; and five in both the 20th and 21st weeks!

This preponderance of draws had the obvious effect of leaving the final positions, after 22 matches apiece, little different from those I have mentioned above after 18 matches. Two clubs did gain six from their last eight possible points—Lanus in Zone A, who thus converted a shaky sixth place to a clear fourth place; and River Plate. In the 19th week, River played their inter-zonal match against Boca Juniors—with eleven clubs in each zone, each week saw five matches played in each zone with the non-playing clubs from each zone playing against each other with the result counting for each of them in their respective zones. Boca, sharing third place in Zone A and only two points behind the joint leaders, were as eager for maximum points as River was desperate for them, and the latter did very well to gain a one-nil victory. River had even tougher opposition for their next match—Independiente. The latter club had sloppily dropped a point to the bottom club Chacarita Juniors the previous week but stayed equal with Platense in first place because the latter had also been held to a draw—by Union. Independiente kept their own hopes alive and depressed River by winning one-nil but, at the same time, Platense were beating Gimnasia, the one club River could hope to climb above to reach a final sixth placing.

DEFENCE

Finally in the last two matches River just made it — grim and relentless in defence they managed one-nil victories over first FCO and then Rosario Central. Even so their final points tally of 23 would not have earned them a place in the national championship had not Gimnasia failed badly in their last four matches. Their defeat by Platense I have mentioned; the previous week they had lost to Deportivo Espanol and in their penultimate match they only drew with Union. This dropped point whilst River were beating Ferro Carril Oeste meant that River and Gimnasia had 21 points a piece on the eve of the final match. River, as mentioned, won their match. Unlucky Gimnasia, already in a bad patch, had to play Estudiantes who were still chasing Racing for top place in Zone A and who had to keep one eye over their shoulder at Velez Sarsfield who could jump above them. Estudiantes made no mistake in winning this inter-zonal match against Gimnasia by three goals to nil. River had qualified—thanks both to their six points from four matches and Gimnasia's failure to gain more than one point.

River gained their six from eight points by tight defensive play—their goal record for the four matches was three for and one against! Lanus, who finished fifth in Zone A, gained their six from eight points with the assistance of two final wins, over Quilmes and Argentinos Juniors, by the remarkable (for Argentina) scores of 7-2 and 6-1 respectively. Perhaps it was not surprising that it was Lanus who supplied the top scorer over the Metropolitan Championship of 22 matches per club — Acosta, who scored 18 goals. Curiously he failed to score in Lanus's last match 6-1 win — Silva 3, De Mario 2 and Mentasti were the players on target. Following Acosta in the Zone A list were Carone (Velez Sarsfield) with seventeen, Obberti (Huracan) with eleven, and both Salomone (Atlanta) and Wehbe (Velez Sarsfield) with ten. In Zone B, Independiente's Tarabini headed the list with sixteen, with Bielli (Rosario Central) and Lopez (Gimnasia) on eleven, and Artime (Independiente) and Fischer (San Lorenzo) on ten.

There was a close finish for the two top places (and the semi-finals for the actual Metropolitan Championship) in both zones. In Zone A, Boca Juniors followed their defeat against River Plate with matches against two of the three clubs above them—Racing, the leaders, and Velez Sarsfield—and drew them both (0-0 and 1-1). Both the joint leaders, Racing and Estudiantes, had also drawn their 19th week matches when Velez Sarsfield beat Lanus two-nil and Velez, with three matches to play, were only one point behind the leaders. But successive draws with Atlanta, Boca and Racing kept them in the third place. Racing's inter-zonal win by three goals to nil over Independiente gave them a one point edge over Estudiantes but, as I have mentioned, Racing only drew whilst Estudiantes won the final league match. Both clubs thus ended with 29 points—Velez remained two points behind (all three having gained five points from their last four matches).

In Zone B, Platense ended the clear leaders with one point in hand of Independiente. Both clubs drew their 19th week match and won the following week and on the day that Racing were beating Independiente, Platense were beaten by San Lorenzo. But in the final matches, whereas Independiente could only draw with FCO, Platense beat Banfield by three goals to one. Below these two, Rosario Central, with five points from their last four matches, hopped above San Lorenzo (who got four) and Ferro Carril Oeste (two points).

The semi-finals and the final for the Metropolitan Championship were actually played before the lower clubs had completed their fixtures with Platense, Independiente, Estudiantes and Racing the clear qualifiers but meanwhile the two-legged ties (home and away) were already taking place to ultimately determine the four clubs from the "interior" who would join the top six from each zone in the sixteen-strong National Championship league.

EXTENSION

Preliminary rounds came first between a club from each of the Catamarca, La Rioja, Formosa, Corrientes, Neuquen, La Pampa, Rawson and Viedma regions; then semi-finals and finals of four zones that brought in clubs from further regions — Salta, Jujuy, Tucuman, Santiago del Estero, San Juan, San Luis, Mendoza, Cordoba, Posadas, Chaco, Mar del Plata and Bahia Blanca. Plenty of close struggles at all levels with goalless and one-all matches in abundance. Eventually however—and nothing but good can come from this extension of the range of Argentinian fixtures—Central Cordoba from the Santiago del Estero region, San Martin from Mendoza, San Lorenzo from Mar del Plata (who, to avoid confusion with the better-known San Lorenzo, are likely to be known as Mar del Plata), and a club from the Chaco region qualified for the national championship. And the club from the Chaco region suggests yet another reminder of the far-off days when British "missionaries" carried a ball and a love of football around the world with them—its name is Chaco For Ever! (Sadly I expect to see it more often referred to as simply Chaco!)

STRUGGLING

Whilst these twenty clubs were struggling for the four places allowed the "interior" in the National Championship, the top four of the past were playing out the last stages of the 1967 Metropolitan Championship. First, Estudiantes beat Platense by the odd goal in seven—and seldom can a victory have been more richly deserved. Estudiantes were handicapped from the 35th minute by an injury to Borale that reduced them to ten men. They were trailing at half-time by three goals to one but then goals by outside-left Veron, inside-right Bilardo and finally a penalty successfully converted by Madero, gave them victory.

One day later Racing repeated their earlier victory over Independiente—in extra-time by two goals to nil with Maschio and Raffo the finalists. Racing at the same time were embroiled in their protracted South American Club Championship Final matches against Nacional but there was no doubt about the quality of Estudiantes' win in the Metropolitan Championship final—by three goals to nil with Madero, Veron and Ribaudo the scorers. Madero, Bilardo, Ribaudo and Conigliaro apart, this was the young team that Miguel Ignomirielo had introduced into the "third team" division in 1965.

The final match was played incidentally at the San Lorenzo Stadium and the receipts of 15,485,940 pesos were a record—beating the 14,981,460 pesos paid to watch Racing play Boca Juniors in November 1966. Maybe the Metropolitan was only the halfway stage in the Argentinian Championship but it was full of sustained interest and a money-spinner to the end.

Conigliaro is one of only four players who were not part of Estudiantes' third-team a short while ago. Now, these four plus seven of that side formed the team which won the 1967 Metropolitan Championship. (A.)

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KIEV NAIL CELTIC

LIKE a Guy Fawkes rocket, straight up to a dazzling peak and then disappearing with a few sparks, Celtic have been in and out of the European Cup. They were beaten, and well beaten, by Dynamo Kiev in front of their own supporters—a situation which in this competition is the same as jumping into your own coffin and waiting for someone to nail down the lid. For not since the pioneer days of 1955 has a team losing at home ultimately survived the round — AC Milan were the exception that proved the rule, beating Saarbrucken 4-1 after the Germans had won 4-3 against their reserves at San Siro. With the money and prestige now at stake, no one will ever be that naive again.

For Celtic, though, it was a sad defeat. I warned, on radio and in the national Press, that the task of overcoming Kiev would be a difficult one if only because the balance had shifted subtly since they last met. When Kiev last played in Europe they ran up easy victories against two mediocre opponents, acquired an excessive reputation as a formidable dark horse, and collapsed at the first sign of pressure. They were handicapped too, by an injury to Sabo in training which prevented him from playing at Glasgow, and by the dates of the matches. The Russian season was long over, half the country was under several inches of snow, and the home leg had to be played on an unfamiliar ground in the south. The wonder was not that Celtic won on aggregate in the Cup Winners' Cup tie, 3-0 and 1-1, but that Kiev put up any resistance at all.

This time Celtic, flushed with success, seemed to lack the dedication required by their adventurous play out of defence. It was striking, at Parkhead, how Gemmell would move upfield with the ball, be absorbed by the Russians like a piece of blotting paper mopping up a pool of ink, and find two or more Kiev forwards racing down the flank he had benevolently vacated. Celtic's covering, by the highest European standards, was quite lamentable, and they paid the full price.

Like Tottenham before them, Celtic are composed of a team of good players, with a few—Gemmell, McNeill, Johnstone—on the fringe of greatness, but all liable to fall back when one man's loss of form affects the balance. The first leg against Kiev came at the worst possible time, when McNeill and Gemmell, collectively or individually, were out of touch; when Celtic had gone down to Rangers and fallen behind them in the Scottish League. In fact their only real success so far this season had been the 2-1 defeat of current World Club Champions, Penarol, at home.

It would be unwise to suggest that Dynamo will go on to win the European Cup simply because they have deposed the present holders. Their biggest strength lies in a versatility of tactics, an ability to play defensive, aggressive or counter-attacking football without affecting their rhythm. They have, too, a huge reserve of talent. Goalkeeper Bannikov, full-back Ostrovsky, wing-half Sabo, forwards Serebrannikov and Porkujan have been absent so often on international duty that Roudakov, Kroulikovski, Medvid, Bychevetz and Mountian have become almost regular members of the first team. The intense competition for places has added a fresh intensity to their football.

Too much, however, depends on their coach, Viktor Maslov, who arrived at Kiev in 1964 and has since won the Russian Cup twice and the Russian championship last season. Maslov, a taciturn, almost melancholy individual, successfully diagnosed the symptoms of Celtic's decline at one match, against Rangers — and proceeded to kill the patient with an overdose of rapid counter-attacks. But Maslov has yet to find an antidote for the severe Russian winter, when training is a nightmare, serious matches impossible. Generals January and Febuary stopped Napoleon: they may change sides for the arrival of Manchester United or Real Madrid.

Penarol centre-forward Alberto Spencer heads his side's only goal in the 2-1 defeat by Celtic. Home players shown are goalkeeper Ron Simpson and Bobby Murdoch. (A.)

Roger Macdonald . . . World Diary — Roger Macdonald . . . World Diary

IT is still pertinent to ask UEFA why Celtic, as holders of the European Cup, were required to play in the first round at all. True, the total number of entries, 32, was mathematically convenient for a first round of 16 ties; but equally suitable numbers have been ignored in the past, and there have been no difficulties previously in arranging a few preliminary matches. The seeding arrangements, used for the first time this year, were, to say the least of it, inept: producing Celtic v. Dynamo Kiev and Ajax v. Real Madrid on the one hand and Valur Reykjavic v. Jeunesse Esch on the other.

The creeping paralysis of the away goals rule has already infected the European Cup. A little ironically, the first victims were Jeunesse Esch, eliminated but not beaten by Valur. The first leg ended in a 1-1 draw; in the second, at Luxembourg, Langer equalised with a penalty in the last minute for the home side, but the score, 3-3, favoured the Icelanders. Two more easy draws, and we may yet have a European Cup semi-final played on the Reykjavik ice.

RUSSIA'S unexpected obsession with European club football had embarrassing results against Switzerland in a friendly match last month. No players from Moscow Torpedo and Dynamo Kiev, preparing for European ties, were considered and Yashin was not selected. The depleted team, watched by only 35,000 spectators at the Lenin Stadium, conceded a goal after three minutes, when Blattler beat Tbetsikov with a superb shot from outside the penalty area. Switzerland, more typically, presented Russia with two goals—a miskick in the penalty area, gleefully seized by Khurtsilava, and an unfortunate deflection by Pfirter past his own keeper, Kunz. Ten minutes from the end, however, Perroud scored off a post to earn a 2-2 draw. So far this year Switzerland have twice drawn with Russia and beaten Rumania 7-1: even the Swiss must be amazed . . .

The public scandal involving, Voronin, the Russian national captain, has been followed by another, more infamous affair. Igor Chislenko, Moscow Dynamo's international winger, has been charged with drunken driving and causing serious injuries to a policeman while in charge of the vehicle. Even before the trial, he had been dismissed by his club so it seems unlikely that he will play international football again. Chislenko, who was sent off against West Germany in the World Cup, has always been something of an *enfant terrible* in the USSR. He was reprimanded, twice, for excessive drinking in public, and once, shortly after the European Nations' Cup Final in 1964, dropped for smuggling French negligees into Moscow. Chislenko, the son of an engineer, first made his mark as an ice-hockey right-winger. Then, in 1959, he tried football on the left flank and was chosen for the national side in his third season. Still only 28, he has been Russia's most effective winger for years, and they will find him difficult to replace.

Fancied

RUSSIA, nevertheless, seem home and dry in their group of the European championship. France, too, must be fancied to qualify, after their unexpectedly easy victory over Poland, 4-1 at Warsaw. One can only marvel at the Gallic capacity to win the matches that matter while their team totters from one defeat to another in friendlies. Only a few days after their Warsaw win France lost 5-1 to an experimental West German team, collapsing completely in the second-half. The scorers were: Siemensmeyer 2 (making his debut), Muller 2 (substituting for injured clubmate Beckenbauer) and Overath. Bosquier replied for France.

The Germans were faced with a curious moral dilemma before their own, vital European championship match against Yugoslavia, which they had to win to survive. Josip Skoblar, the 26-year-old Yugoslavian winger, joined Hannover 96 from OFK Belgrade this season, after a qualifying period on loan to Olympic Marseille. In almost his first match, aganist Karlsruhe on September 9, Skoblar was sent off for violent conduct; he was fined 1,000 marks by his club and suspended by the German FA until November 10. Unfortunately the European Championship match, for which Skoblar, with 35 caps, was likely to be chosen, fell within this period. If West Germany had followed their usual practice of informing UEFA of the suspension, it would then have applied to international matches—allowing them to effectively weaken their opponents. The Germans' solution was to notify the Yugoslav FA of Skoblar's punishment, leaving the decision to them: a shrewd piece of soccer diplomacy.

Czechoslovakia, slow starters in their group, caught up with Spain with a precarious 1-0 victory in the Slavia Stadium at Prague. In spite of its importance, only 25,000 watched the game—apathy, perhaps, explained by the decline of the capital's clubs in the national championship. In a frenetic match, made or marred as you will by error and counter-error in front of goal, Czechoslovakia's superiority in midfield just proved decisive. Here, Geleta and Kuna decided the pace, and though Grosso and Marcelino played outstandingly in the Spanish attack, they were ill-served from behind. The only goal came shortly after half time when a Spaniard cleared straight to Horvath, whose shot from 20 yards all along the ground surprised Iribar. Spain's best chance came in the first-half, a free-kick by Jose Maria. The ball hit the underside of the crossbar, then Viktor, who made a frantic recovery to stop the ball crossing the line.

IF a little of the glitter of the World Club Championship final has disappeared because of Celtic's defeat in the European Cup then still more must have faded in Argentina. While Racing of Buenos Aires are South American champions, they have lost the Argentinian championship to Estudiantes, who beat them 3-0 in the final. This is the first time the championship has passed outside the big five—Racing, Boca Juniors, River Plate, Independiente and San Lorenzo. And even more curious, two of Estudiantes' players, Madero and Bilardo, are doctors in Government service.

RAMOS OLIVEIRA, better known as Mauro, captain of Brazil's 1962 World Cup-winning team, has turned up with Toluca, in Mexico. Mauro, now at least 41, was born at Pucos de Caldas, in the Brazilian state of Minas Gerais, where he won his first cap at the age of 19. His career had a bizarre seesaw parallel with Bellini, once his team mate at the little San Joannesce club. In 1958 Mauro lost his place and, of course, the captaincy, to Bellini, who took over at centre-half in the World Cup. In Chile, four years later, the position was reversed: this time Bellini lost both position and captaincy to Mauro. Santos paid £50,000 for his transfer in 1960, a shrewd negotiation which brought a rapid improvement in Mauro's play; although suspect in speed of recovery, his positioning and timing were always excellent.

Consistent

THE most consistent Polish forward since the days of Willimowksi, Ernest Pol, is to retire at the end of the season: his Gornik colleagues made a special presentation to him before their match with Djurgaarden of Sweden in the European Cup. Pol, who once told me his name had been consistently misspelt by every newspaper in Europe, has been a regular international for 16 years. In all, he has played 49 times for Poland, scoring a record 40 goals against 22 countries which, for a nation rarely in the top flight of European football, is a formidable total. Pol likes to play in midfield, behind his forwards; but long range goals have been his speciality. One remembers him best against Tottenham in the European Cup. Gornik were annihilated that night, 8-1 at White Hart Lane; but the goal of the match came from Poi, a superb volley against the line of flight which left Bill Brown staring in disbelief.

Gerd Muller of Bayern Munich and West Germany. (M.I.)

Man in the Middle's Views by Sidney Clarkson

YOUNG OFFENDERS

FROM London to Ostend are some hundred and fifty land and sea miles. About twenty-four kilometres further is the lovely art city of Bruges. It is a place where returning English spend up their last francs on souvenirs for home. It is a charming place I am always loathe to leave. It is a place also it seems where they display polite sporting manners.

Let the picture of a local city paper illustrate exactly what happened this season in the opening game of the Flemish season that Bruges had with near neighbours. Before the game began, the relative managers came on to the pitch and presented bunches of gladioli to the team captains. International FIFA referee Robert Schaut who as usual controlled the game efficiently, looked on this happy ceremony with interest.

Reverting back to London and the opening day of the English season, we read of cautions on the field and unruly behaviour on the terraces. Fines at West Ham, youths remanded at Manchester, hooliganism at Blackburn and damage to cars at Millwall. So the dismal story of the insane minority spoils the English image of ourselves as a sporting nation. Magistrates faced in their courts on Mondays with the arrested few threaten more and severe penalties for the behaviour which is making the mere attendance at our League matches no easy undertaking, and is certainly no inducement for wives and others to attend with the male of the household. Football must put its house in order—and soon.

The weather!

"Everybody grumbles about the weather" said G. K. Chesterton, "but nobody does anything about it." The weather in this climate of ours, is a ready point of conversation. It is common to the race. But in the angry and unnecessary scenes that accompany some of the torrid clashes a position has been reached beyond just talking.

It has always been recognised that football is a game that involves physical contacts, energy and skill. No one wishes to make it a thing devoid of thrills and spills. As the Bishop of Coventry said, and he is now the president of his own city team, "The influence of this game is very far-flung for good or ill." Wise words. How many minor revolutions one wonders, have been averted, in families as well as town communities by the fact that many members of groups may work off passions and feelings harmlessly on the recreation ground?

But unfortunately things do not finish there. Passion is not new. Feelings run high as they have often done. A Cup final in which Villa played more than fifty years ago ran twenty minutes over time because of injuries and stoppages! Brian Clough the young manager of Derby County is reported to have said, "I want men who are prepared to go out on the pitch and die for Derby County." All very laudable so long as the players do not translate "dying" for the club as killing off the opposition.

What shall we make of the soccer thugs, disappointed at their team's record who physically attack after a game the manager, as Harry Catterick of Everton was last year at Blackpool?

As if to go with the picturesque surroundings the two captains exchange "Gladioli" before a match at Bruges. (S.C.)

Quite recently the FA issued its digest of recorded cautions and dismissals from the field. Throughout the country it showed increases over the previous season of up to 25 per cent more cases to be dealt with by voluntary Disciplinary Boards of those who had come under the referees' ban. Rural areas mainly did not reveal the startling increase shown in city and industrial areas, where a cramped artificial life endangers many to feel frustrated, cramped, fed-up and unwanted — a psychological reason for anti-social conduct.

Of those apprehended by the law, it is seen that many offenders have not reached their majority of 21, or at what used to be called the age of discretion. So to the elderly falls the task of reproving the hasty and hot-headed. Some of us have teams and players in our charge. We must lay the foundations of good conduct on and off the field. We play in our area friendlies only with neighbours, and have done for many years. I pride myself, and my boys do also, that we have such a name for playing sportingly, win or lose, that I can almost at any time pick up the telephone and arrange a game at a day's notice. It is a salient fact that we play more games than any other in the city in the season, and also that two-thirds of those games are played on our pitch with teams travelling a good bus ride to come and play us.

Some years ago a player was praising a certain young referee to me and said, "No matter how exciting the game gets, he just goes on there chewing his gum." The referee was a friend of mine and in reply to this compliment said: "I never forget that football is twenty-two lads kicking a bladder of air about!" Oh that some of our highly publicised professionals would realise that their living is a game, and that they are entertainers enjoying their skills and the rewards that go with them.

Some clubs could be more vigorous in their active disapproval of the shoddy tricks that masquerade as the game. Would many I wonder suspend as a West German club did one of its star players for over six months for conduct on the field that let down the club?

The men in charge have tremendously high standards. Their conduct of the game is open to examination and liable to withdrawal for one iota of indecision or error. The referee controls the game. Agreed. But as Leo Horn said he cannot check the individual who cannot control himself. Headlines of the Leeds newspaper rightly spoke of the Fairs game with Valencia as a "Night of shame."

"Days of shame"

Unfortunately today, there are too many "days of shame" from a noisy minority. The only thing that will stop a crowd is a bigger crowd. It is up to the more sober-minded to surround the trouble makers, and check or eject those who are quickly bringing the game into disrepute. As I set out weekly to my minor League game my wife invariably hopes they will "not throw any bottles." The standing joke between us could be an actual happening one of these days. I do know the first bottle will be the last. In our area the thin black line of willing workers is getting strained. We're too precious to be lost.

West German Newsletter

France are Trounced

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

IN the first international of the season and the final dress rehearsal before the decisive encounter with Yugoslavia, in the European Nations' Championship, West Germany crushed France by 5-1 in Berlin, on September 27.

Deprived of Bundesliga football for the second successive season, the citizens of West Berlin turned out in force—85,000 packing the Olympic Stadium, opened by Hitler for the 1936 Games, to see this National XI in action (number of caps, including this match, in parentheses): Maier (6); Patzke (7), Schulz (44), Weber (23), Höttges (24); Beckenbauer (19), Overath (29); Libuda (8), Siemensmeyer (1), Seeler (56), Löhr (5).—It will be seen that the defence has now acquired a settled look, but the main problem concerns the finding of a winning combination in attack. While Uwe Seeler remains a permanent "fixture" and Löhr retained his place from recent matches, the most interesting feature has been the recall of Dortmund's "Dribble - King" Libuda, but above all the only new cap in the side, Hannover's 27-year-old Hans Siemensmeyer who made a spectacular debut crowned by two great goals. The French, fresh from their 4-1 away win over Poland in the EC, have not been beaten by Germany for 30 years(!), but this time found the hosts in brilliant form, though I must add that for more than half the game they played with ten men, following the expulsion of Péri for a foul on Beckenbauer who had to go off eventually and was replaced by club-mate Müller, coming in for his fourth cap.

The initial exchanges gave no indication of the German mastery that was to follow, but in the 29th minute a terrifying roar crashed from the terraces as Libuda shaking off two desperate tackles opened the score with a shot from an oblique angle. The second-half was only two minutes old, when Siemensmeyer picked up a loose ball and fired home, while in the 58th minute the same player slammed a 25-yard shot to make it 3-0. Next Müller scored with a sensational volley (73rd min.) and then Overath sank a free-kick two minutes later. In the 82nd, the delirious, bugle-blowing and flag-waving crowd permitted themselves the luxury of applauding France's solitary goal from a free-kick by Bosquier. And now, watch out Yugoslavia!

In the Bundesliga, September 9 will go down in history for the record-breaking 47 goals scored in nine games (average 5.22)—beating the previous best established on January 7, 1966 by eight goals. New leaders are "Altmeisters" 1st FC Nürnberg (eight titles), the only unbeaten side left, who on February 11 were at the bottom but now, the coaching of Austrian-born Max Merkel who was purged by 1860 Munich last season, has taken the "club" to the top.

BUNDESLIGA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Nürnberg	**7**	**5**	**2**	**0**	**15**	**4**	**12**
Borussia Dort.	7	4	2	1	19	9	10
Borussia Mön.-G.	7	3	3	1	18	8	9
Cologne	7	4	1	2	14	7	9
Hannover	7	4	1	2	13	9	9
Bayern Munich	7	4	1	2	13	10	9
Kaiserslautern	7	3	3	1	12	13	9
MSV Duisburg	7	3	2	2	13	9	8
VfB Stuttgart	7	2	4	1	13	9	8
Alemannia Aachen	7	3	2	2	6	7	8
Werder Bremen	7	3	1	3	14	16	7
Eint. Frankfurt	7	2	2	3	10	13	6
1860 Munich	7	1	4	2	7	10	6
Eint. Brunswick	7	2	2	3	6	11	6
Karlsruher SC	7	2	0	5	6	11	4
Hamburger SV	7	1	1	5	8	15	3
Borussia Neun.	7	0	2	5	5	17	2
Schalke	7	0	1	6	3	17	1

Grasshoppers Leaping Ahead

A TOTAL of 64,000 soccer-starved fans flocked into the seven First Division grounds at the start of the season, exceeding all expectations and in fact one has to go back to 1963—when the record figure of 66,300 was established—to find similar enthusiasm for Fussball, Football or Calcio, as the game is called here, depending on which linguistic part of the country one happens to reside.

Of the six most fancied teams only two, Servette 4-0 winners over Grenchen and Grasshoppers, 2-0 v. Lugano, collected full points. In the other matches sensation piled upon sensation with champions and Cup-holders FC Basle beaten 2-4 at newly promoted Lucerne, Lausanne defeated at Biel (1-2), Zürich dropped an away point in a goalless draw with the other newcomers Bellinzona, while Lugano lost their duel with Switzerland's most consistent champions Grasshoppers who boast 15 titles. The day's biggest crowds — 13,500 each — turned up at two top games first in Zürich where Grasshoppers scored twice through Swedish-born Grahn and Blättler against a strangely listless Lugano. Next, at Lucerne where the locals gave Basle a rare run-around with German-born Richter netting twice before the quarter of an hour was over but though Hauser and Odermatt made it 2-2, Wechselberger and Bertschi settled the issue—4-2!

The third championship round broke all attendance records with 74,800 fans packing the seven grounds and for the first time in Swiss soccer history the average gates exceeded the 10,000 mark. By the end of September, Grasshoppers opened a three point gap at the top, having won their first six games scoring fourteen goals in the process, whilst conceding only two! Their new manager, Frenchman Henri Skiba, has welded last year's side into a most efficient unit without any notable additions to his playing staff. But GC—as they are known here—have a reliable defence marshalled by the "veteran" international Hansruedi Fuhrer (30), while up front the two Allemanns, Willy and Toni combine splendidly with Swedish star Ove Grahn and Switzerland's most redoubtable goalgetter Rolf "Hammer" Blättler who provide the finishing touches. At the moment, their nearest challengers are Young Boys but also Lausanne and Basle who are both engaged in the Cup-Winners' and Champions' Cup competitions, respectively. Basle shocked their followers when they crashed at home to the modest Danish champions Hvidovre, but came back strongly three days later, defeating FC Zürich by 4-1 away(!)—the same Zürich who (also three days earlier) beat Barcelona in the Fairs' Cup by 3-1! Lausanne made a reasonable start to their European campaign by defeating Czech side Spartak Trnava 3-2, in the home leg and followed this up by slamming Lucerne 5-1 in the League but though they have scored more goals than anybody, have also conceded twelve which is only "exceeded" by the bottom pair Grenchen and Young Fellows, plus Lucerne who faded after a good start.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Grasshoppers	**6**	**6**	**0**	**0**	**14**	**2**	**12**
Young Boys	6	4	1	1	12	8	9
Lausanne	6	3	1	2	16	12	7
Basle	6	3	1	2	12	10	7
Lugano	6	3	1	2	11	9	7
Biel	6	3	1	2	10	9	7
Chaux-de-Fonds	6	2	2	2	8	7	6
Sion	6	2	2	2	5	4	6
Lucerne	6	2	2	2	15	15	6
Servette	6	2	1	3	11	10	5
Zürich	6	1	2	3	4	11	4
Bellinzona	6	1	1	4	3	8	3
Young Fellows	6	1	1	4	6	13	3
Grenchen	6	1	0	5	7	16	2

★ ARTHUR ROTMIL

FRANZ BECKENBAUER (O.2)

BRIAN GLANVILLE:

In New York, a literary magazine editor asked how on earth I grew interested in soccer. So I wrote this:

GUNNERS AND THE CASUALS OF CHELSEA

THE paradox is no longer what it was. In England, after nearly a hundred years, the wheel has come full circle and soccer is "in", the thing not merely to watch and read about, but to play. For those of us whose passion it has been since we were children, it has all come a little too late to fill us with anything but a sense of irony; rather as a self-made millionaire, at first rejected by society, can never wholly warm towards it when his charitable gifts at last win him a place. *"Foot*ball!" they used to say, with wondering sneers, and there was no way to answer them. "But how strange; you're a novelist and you write about football!" Even now, at the occasional literary party, there are the plain, pallid girls who raise languid eyebrows at the mention of a sports column, but one can be indulgent towards their one-upmanship; they are, in fact, one down.

It was my father, a Dubliner and a romantic, who infected me with a madness for the game; I remember the circumstances with a curious clarity. It was 1940, we were living down on the South Coast at Bognor Regis; a month or so ago the weary troops had come back from Dunkirk and were recuperating. My father talked about Herbert Chapman, Charlie Buchan and the Arsenal and—as he often did—contrived to get his facts subtly and intriguingly wrong. We would walk about the inland, suburban streets of the grey little seaside resort—doubly dead, in winter and in war—while he would tell me how the Arsenal had turned, in a few, miraculous years, from a mediocre club which had left Woolwich for North London to improve itself, into the kings of European football.

In my father's version, the hero was not Chapman, the Yorkshire manager who became a father figure to his team, but Buchan, the player, the gangling forward who was "too clever" to play more than a few times for England — "they couldn't understand him." Arsenal had bought Buchan, and Buchan had brought Chapman.

It was, in fact, precisely the other way around; Chapman, appointed manager in the summer of 1925, had gone up to Sunderland to talk Buchan into joining Arsenal, though the £100 a goal story—the story that Arsenal paid Sunderland an extra £100 for every goal Buchan scored in his first season—was true.

But Buchan and Chapman were remote figures, Chapman dead, Buchan long since retired from the game. Pickles was real; or appeared to be.

Pickles was a ruddy, weather-beaten, baldish man, who wore the green shirt of Bognor Regis football club, an amateur team who played on a little, tree-girt stadium not far from our flats. I had played soccer before—without much enjoyment—but never seen it played, and though Bognor were an obscure club, they, and Pickles, looked awfully good to me. Even to my eyes, it was clear that Pickles was the brain of the team, its wily motivator; in his wiry, middle-aged way, he looked the part, just as Ronnie was perfectly cast as its star.

Curly hair

Ronnie was much younger than Pickles, and much larger. He had blond, curly hair, a robust frame, and an honest look in his eye. He never gave up. Once, challenging for the ball just below where we sat, in the small wooden grandstand, he slipped, and fell. But as the foe rushed in to profit from his ill luck, he gallantly stuck out a leg, prostrate as he was, and kicked the ball into touch. "Good old Ronnie!"

My father said that Pickles had played for Millwall, a London professional club, that he had known him for years, and one day would introduce me—"Sure, I will!"—though the day never came. It was nearly two years before he took me to see the Arsenal play, in London—a time of bombs, air raid alerts, warnings in the single-sheet programme—but by that time I was hopelessly involved with them. At prep. school, deep among the fields and woods of Northamptonshire, I would wait anxiously outside the masters' common room on Sundays, where they had the paper, the results. "How did Arsenal get on, sir?"

On Christmas Day, 1942, I saw them lose for the first time, and wept. They were playing Chelsea, their London rivals, at the Stamford Bridge ground; six of their best players, due to play next day in the Army versus Royal Air Force representative match, had to sit in the grandstand and watch them, too. I had vague feelings of guilt, having secretly wished that Joe "Ten Goal" Payne, the Chelsea centre-forward, would be injured and absent—which he was.

But the makeshift Arsenal team was overwhelmed, and when the fourth or fifth Chelsea goal went in, it was too much for me; I broke down. A friendly man in a trilby hat turned round from the row in front of us and said, "If all Arsenal's supporters were like you, son, they'd win every time."

At school, one's passion for the club became a joke; if Arsenal lost, there was a chorus of derision. In the autumn of 1943, a dreadful thing happened; I betrayed them. Glutted by success, by the winning of both Cup and League tournaments the previous season, I couldn't stomach it when players were posted abroad, and the team began to lose. When Portsmouth beat them at home, it was too much for me; I renounced professional football and became a supporter of the local amateur team in North London, Golders Green, whose shirts were green, like Bognor's. But I was inwardly ashamed of myself, and as time went by, reaffirmed my allegiance.

Certainly it all helped to make the long years of boarding school more bearable, mitigating the bullying, and above all, the boredom. In the world of professional football, there was always something happening, enough to satisfy, or at least intrigue, the most Faustian spirit. The world was closed, and had a daily drama of its own, culminating in Saturday afternoon, the moment of truth. But before that moment, there were a hundred subsidiary dramas. Who was fit, and who injured? What new players might be bought? Which would be chosen for international caps?

One played as well, of course, both at school and at home, where with three friends one formed a short-lived club, the Finchley Hornets—two matches, two victories. One's ambition was to captain Arsenal; though inevitably as an amateur. It was hard to come to terms with that ambition, to whittle it down year by year in accordance with the cruel prescriptions of reality, until at last there was nothing left of it at all, not even the remote illusion one might play for Charterhouse, one's public school.

Indulged

For of course, I went to a soccer public school, though most of them play rugger. An indulged child, I was able to persuade my parents, to whom the name of one of those great, archaic institutions meant little more than another.

What did it—what does it—mean? Melanie Klein has a passage in one of her books on child analysis alluding to the secret fantasies of rivalry with the father, competition for the mother, that subsist under endless, monotonous recitations about football. Doubtless something of the sort was true in my case; the whole thing, once ignited, was too powerfully compulsive not to be fed by some unconscious fantasy.

There was, too, the strong element of identification—with the club, with its players, fulfilling the child's need for heroes, for proxy adventures. In later adolescence, from the age of eighteen or so, this element diminished very quickly, as I became involved in journalism, forced steadily into a position of greater objectivity.

My first books, perhaps inevitably, both had football as their subject. Cliff Bastin had been an idol, a boy prodigy who had joined Arsenal from Exeter at 17, and won every honour the game afforded when he was 19. He retired young, plagued by deafness. Driving down the endless anonymity of London by-passes, soon after I had left school, I saw a sign: THE

CLIFF BASTIN (Arsenal). (A.)

CLIFF BASTIN CAFE. I wrote to him, to say it was absurd that no one had published his autobiography; could I help him? Already, full of the brash ambition of youth, I was writing for a London sports weekly; had walked into the offices of the *Corriere Dello Sport,* in Rome, and somehow persuaded them to make me their correspondent.

Cliff Bastin wrote back and thanked me for my "glowing tribute." Proud, cautious and suspicious, he agreed to let me write the book, and there began a long series of visits to the British Museum Newspaper Library, a hideous fortress in Colindale, alternating with visits to the rooms above his café where he sat in white shirtsleeves, while his wife served us thick cheese sandwiches and strong tea.

Bastin and I got on well. For both of us—though I had not seen him in his prime—there could never be another player like him. He felt, it is plain in retrospect, put upon, somehow insulted; his deafness, about which he was extremely sensitive, contributed to a feeling of being conspired against. A publisher rejected the book, after many friendly meetings; he was, he said, "disappointed." I was ill at the time. I knew practically no other publishers, nothing about agents. What did one do, where did one go? But with my father's help, a publisher was found. I was in hospital when Bastin suffered a crisis of confidence; he didn't want the book to appear. My father offered him a guarantee and it did, creating furore. Unwittingly, one had given the man as he intimately was; his views had long since become one's own, his disappointments one's own disappointments. The book was held to be egocentric, conceited, yet true to the player and his period. His contemporaries were enraged, the manager of Arsenal pretended he hadn't read it. Bastin retired to Devon, to run a pub.

The other book, my first novel, I wrote in hospital at the age of 18; it should have been a satire, but perhaps was merely an extravaganza. At this distance, the idea still looks good, the execution uncertain.

Neil Franklin, the centre-half of an England team just about to set out for Brazil, and the 1950 World Cup tournament, had suddenly decamped to Bogota, in Colombia, where salaries were immeasurably bigger than the pittance then earned by an English professional. There were revolutionaries, one heard, up in the hills above the city. Perhaps, one speculated, a foreign footballer might be imported — quite unknown to him—by a dictator, to divert the attention of the mob. And perhaps the revolutionaries could hoist the dictator with his own petard, taking the city, and installing the footballer as a puppet dictator.

Immense

It was, at least, published, giving one the immense moral incentive of early acceptance; even if, on publication, the book was largely and properly ignored.

There had never, for me, been any dichotomy between an interest in football and a deep commitment to the novel, though it was not for many years that I realised the two could be fruitfully and seriously combined, one feeding the other. As it was, sports journalism allowed me to escape early from the prison of a lawyers' office, go off at 21 to live in Florence and Rome and, while there, make a contact with Italians at every level of society which was far more organic and real than most foreigners experience. (They are still, in Italy, merely tolerated.)

My next three novels had nothing to do with football; they were about journalists, Jews, American expatriates in Florence. And it was in Florence, during the hot summer of 1957, that I first read the baseball stories of Ring Lardner—hitherto, I had been able to find only his marginalia—and realised what could be done with football; its dialogues and its drama.

My first short story about the game, GOALKEEPERS ARE CRAZY, was begun on an aeroplane, flying from Catania, more than a year later; it was about a psychopathic Welsh goalkeeper who hit opponents, got drunk and insulted directors; it was published in the LONDON MAGAZINE. After that, and other stories, the *ignis fatuus,* which I long refused to pursue, was the football novel. It seemed to me, and still does, essentially a branch of the so-called "proletarian novel," a middle class writer, unable really to follow his players beyond the dressing-room door could produce, at best, only a *tour de force.* That, I think, is what THE RISE OF GERRY LOGAN, the novel I eventually wrote, was, though the players, gratifyingly, took it to their hearts.

The criterion for fiction about sport seems to me precisely the criterion one should apply to films about sport — such as GOAL! the World Cup film, which I recently wrote and helped to edit. If they work, they must work as fiction or as cinema, making their impact purely as artefacts, on people who may have no interest in the sport itself. In this way, Lardner's stories and Bernard Malamud's novel, THE NATURAL, work for me, though I have no interest at all in baseball.

But in London, one does not only write about the game and watch it; one plays it.

This, for me, has been a strange extension. Once more, one should not be too pat in isolating motive. Certainly it has something to do with adolescent disappointments, compensation; with the dynamic which forms any wholly masculine group. But coincidence, again, played its part. If I hadn't gone to Tottenham Hotspur's ground the day they played Sunderland, early in 1957, I shouldn't have met the large plump art critic, the intense David, who reported it, in a fish and chip shop, for THE OBSERVER. If I hadn't met David, we should not have trailed back, arguing over some obscure football fact, to Chelsea; he would not have asked me, "Do you play Subbuteo table football? Do you know John Moynihan?" And if he and the dark, taciturn John had not had this date to play a childish game, I should not have been asked one day by John, "Do you play football?"

We were, I remember, in his newspaper office; I was visiting someone else, but had spied his unmistakable, bushy head above a partition.

"What, that game on the table?" I said.

"No," he said, "the real thing."

"I haven't played since I was seventeen," I said. I was then twenty-five.

"Some of us," he said, "haven't played at all."

So I entered the rout in Hyde Park, where recanting Rugger players, literary intellectuals, advertising men and men about the King's Road, Chelsea, rolled out bleary eyed each Sunday morning, to kick lumps out of one another's legs. From this rout evolved the Chelsea Casuals. Very serious we are, now, though

● *Continued on page 42*

RESIGNATION OF PEACOCK A BIG BLOW

IRISH NEWS by Colin McAlpin

THE biggest news to hit Northern Ireland football in recent weeks was the shock announcement by national team manager Bertie Peacock that he was giving up the post to concentrate on managing his club, the struggling Coleraine.

Peacock, the 38-year-old former Glasgow Celtic skipper and Irish international half-back, took over as boss of Northern Ireland's team in 1962 from the great Peter Doherty and during his period as the country's soccer supremo has had mixed fortunes.

And now Peacock, who played 32 times for Ireland, is obviously worried about the lack of success with his club side. Such a state of affairs forced him, early in September, to resign from the national job so that he could turn all his attention to the Bannsiders.

Explained Peacock: "I had planned things differently at Coleraine, but up till now I've met with little success. So I decided to give up the Ireland job—a decision I have pondered on for the last four weeks.

"It's a good job, a job that needs a lot of attention now that the World Cup is looming up again. There is no point in me carrying on—it wouldn't be fair as I cannot devote the time. It would be unfair to the Irish Football Association, to the players or to myself. I must concentrate on the Coleraine job . . . it has to have the priority."

Several names sprang immediately to mind as possible new managers. They included: Peter Doherty who was reported as saying he would "certainly be interested" if asked to take over again, Willie Cunningham the former Dunfermline manager now without a club, Jimmy McIlroy the Oldham Athletic boss, Len Graham of Stoke City, Billy Bingham of Southport and Danny Blanchflower. All have been mentioned as possibles but the man who seems to be in front is Cunningham, a man with considerable experience of European football.

One of the most interesting suggestions was that Scot John Colrain should be put in charge of the Northern Ireland side—and it's a suggestion that has been greeted with more than passing interest.

During his short spell with League champions Glentoran he has collected honours galore including the fantastic 1-1 draw against Benfica in a European Cup first-leg tie at the Oval. He could be the man for the job. The new boss will probably be known by the time this appears in print but the speculation has certainly kept Ulster soccer boiling over!

And that's not the only thing that has kept us out of our seats—there was the seemingly mass movement of Irish League clubs across to the European mainland in mid-September for Cup-Winners' Cup and Fairs Cup matches and, of course, the excitement of that brilliant display by Glentoran against one of the Continent's top clubs, Benfica.

Running into this vital game the Glens had been playing very much below their form of last season and had, in fact, already conceded this season's Ulster Cup title to the much-improved Linfield. Just a handful of days before the Benfica game the Glentoran side slumped to a 4-1 hammering by new-look Bangor . . . things looked black indeed and there was very little optimism for their chances against the Eusebio-inspired Portugal side.

But the fighting Glens rose to encourage the 36,000 crowd with a fantastic display of clever, if at times uncertain, football. They could well have taken more glory with a win but for one of those bullet shots Eusebio's so famous for. That shot, by the way, didn't come until four minutes from the end by which time the "Red Eagles" were looking very tatty birds indeed.

Below form

Playing a more direct football—which, alas, came too often to nothing against the solid defence of Benfica—the Glens went into the lead when Colrain netted a penalty after Cruz had brought down Morrow. The Glens conceded a spot-kick in the 62nd minute which was brilliantly, almost casually saved by Albert Finlay from Graca.

Before the match we had Colrain saying: "They are a formidable lot and I know this game will be a lot tougher than last season's one against Glasgow Rangers (the score then was 1-1) because I know how Rangers play and am familiar with their general style." After the game I'm sure the Benfica management were wondering why teams from Northern Ireland are so consistently under-rated in the major European competitions—so am I for that matter. At least this result, memories of the previous draw gained by the Whites and Linfield's run to the Cup quarter-finals last season will certainly help spread the word throughout Europe—Irish League teams are no longer pushovers!

Most local sides venture into Europe with a feeling of doom. Not so the look-alive Linfield who travelled to play Lokomotiv Leipzig in the Fairs Cup first-leg game on September 19. For once an Irish team was brimming with confidence and sure that they could pull it off against the East German side.

In their games immediately prior to the tie Lokomotiv were anything but good and it was while watching one such game that Linfield boss Ewan Fenton commented: "If we play our normal style we can beat this team—but I wonder if this is their normal form."

And sure enough it turned out that it wasn't their true form—or was it that Linfield were just not good enough and did not measure up to a below par East German side? Still the score of 5-1 (half-time 3-0) does little credit to the Irish side. I suppose that all we can hope for now is that they at least manage to win the second leg at home in front of their own supporters to win back some of the lost confidence, and some of our prestige abroad.

Linfield, on the domestic front, have recaptured their form of some seasons ago and carried off the first major trophy of the season in fine fashion—they won the Ulster Cup with 20 points from 11 games (won 10, drew none, lost one, 39 goals for and 10 against).

Also on the eve of their East German flight the Windsor Park team had a bit of good—and totally unexpected—luck in the form of a cheque for £1,100 from another East German club Vorwaerts who failed, six years ago, to complete a European Cup tie in Belfast (they did play the Blues at home and won 3-0) because of allied military control restrictions. This was at the height of the Berlin wall drama and the East Germans couldn't get out to play the second leg.

Unexpected

Amid all the excitement of Belfast's "Big Two" and their European games little, unfashionable Crusaders — struggling through as dismal a start to a season as any manager could cry over — flew quietly out for their first experience of big-time soccer. And their task was to see what they could produce in the Cup-Winners' Cup first-leg tie against crack Spanish outfit Valencia. No mean task for such a debut!!!

Last season the world belonged to the little club from the Shore Road—shock winners of the Irish Cup in their first-ever final under a new manager, the "Hatchet Men" were riding on a great big, wonderful wave of success. This season somebody forgot to tell them football was back with us and they just haven't quite got the hang of it yet.

Without "general" Alan McNeill (transferred mid-summer to Middlesbrough) the forward-line just isn't at the races and the defence is wide open. For genial Ted Smyth—the oldest manager in Ireland—the state has been one long, dismal nightmare of failures and uncertainties.

The Crues, toasted last season as one of the League's most classic outfits as well as one of the most deadly around goal, stuttered and staggered into a lucky eighth place in the Ulster Cup with the shocking record of one win, five draws, five defeats, 22 goals for and 32 against (the worst defensive record in the League — even Cliftonville got away with only 30 against).

Not surprising, therefore, that Smyth—the man behind all last season's success—was a worried man when he climbed aboard the plane at Aldergrove for the club's trip. Nothing was going right for the club and he just couldn't seem to come up with the right combination.

On top of his troubles on field with a flabby, punchless team, Smyth was given another headache by Irish international inside-forward Danny Trainor just a couple of days before the team left Ulster. . . it was a note asking for his release.

Smyth made Trainor. At the start of last season the latter was just an average half-back who was pushed, against his better judgment, into the forwards. He was an immediate and breath-taking success and soon gained Under-23 honours, an inter-League spot, a full international "cap", a Cup medal and an invitation from Glentoran to tour the United States with them in the summer. All this in one season — and now the man the fans call "D.T." wants away from the club who gave him such a start to what folk are saying could be a brilliant career, why?

D.T. makes no bones about it, he reckons the Seaview fans are now against him because he isn't quite as dangerous as he was last season. But at the back of it, I reckon, is the fact that he's seen what a glamorous life such clubs as Glentoran can offer against the run-of-the-mill Crusaders. He wants to get away to the Glens so that he can sample the "good life". I don't altogether blame him for this, I do blame him for the method he used so close to the little club's important game. He lost his loyalty for Crues when in the States. The fans realise this and are letting him know it and perhaps a change would be for the better.

Wide open

However, Danny Trainor and all, Crusaders went the way of many Irish sides before them in Europe and were soundly thrashed 4-0 in Valencia by the far more powerful Spanish side.

If you remember my articles for last season you will remember me mentioning how poor Bangor were. Last season they hit rock-bottom. But take a look at their Ulster Cup record—joint third with 14 points from five wins and four draws.

Under manager Ralph McGuicken this club has the makings of a fine side, playing a fast, direct, no mucking-about brand of honest-to-goodness football they are capable of whipping the best (as their sparkling 4-1 win over the Glens illustrates).

Which is more than can be said for a poor, disjointed Portadown — finishing at the bottom end of the Ulster Cup table after a start that promised little for the long, hard months ahead.

So badly are things going for the Shamrock Park outfit that manager Jim Conway was forced to give a "play better or I'll clear out the club" warning in early September. He is an angry, disappointed man—sad that the players are giving so little and that the fans, coming back in increasing numbers, may be forced to stay away unless results improve.

Conway, in his first full season as manager, did a great public relations job for the mid-Ulster club prior to the season's start and really enlisted interest from the previously reluctant fans. They gave their support only to find the team playing as badly as ever.

Commented Conway, after a string of substandard games: "The players have had a fair share but hardly any member of the team is playing up to form. It's shocking and I'm afraid there will have to be changes."

Another major upset at Shamrock is the transfer request from long - serving centre - forward Eamonn Gorman. Gorman hasn't been in the senior team this season and is not satisfied with terms offered. Though the club rate him a very valuable member of their set-up the 29-year-old is still determined to get away to another club.

The tail-end of August saw the return to the Ballymena Showgrounds of a former United manager—big Dave Hickson who was boss of the club from 1963 until 1965 when he returned to England to manage Ellesmere Port Town and Fleetwood. A former Everton and Tranmere Rovers leader he is, of course, delighted to be returning to United and is confident he can make United: "the best in the League."

Disjointed

He has quite a struggle on his hands with up-and-down United and while he will be playing it will be only when required. Like Glentoran's Colrain, Hickson will look after the club from off the field.

The Irish League—still suffering from last term's double figure hammering from the English League (alias England's World Cup side)—put up a surprisingly good display against a strangely off-form Scottish League in mid-September and went down by the more reasonable score of 0-2 before 6,000 (a figure which, once again, raises the age-old question of whether such games have anything to offer the fans).

While the game was merely good the performance of the Irish League's goalkeeper Albert Finlay (Glentoran) was out of this world. Time and time again the wonderful Finlay, a 24-year-old city steeplejack, brought off saves that were fantastic. He kept the locals in the game with his twisting in the air, brilliant positional sense, heart-stopping leaping and diving.

To say the very least Finlay is a great prospect and indeed could go into the national side's World Cup pool of players. Added to his general all-round ability is that brilliant penalty save from Benfica . . . you can well understand my enthusiasm for Finlay!

There is a gathering interest and support for the idea of an abolition of the £6 a week maximum wage for professionals in the Irish League and, sooner or later, clubs will have to look again at their finances to see if anything can be done to provide more money for the players.

While I do not favour for the moment a complete abolition—which if introduced too quickly would almost certainly cause great difficulty to many smaller clubs—I do feel clubs could look again at their present system of payment and come up with a much better method. A start should be made in the direction of an improved pay for the men who give us so much entertainment.

Required

My own ideas are that the maximum should be raised to about £9 a week and such fringe benefits as £4 for a win and £2 for a draw (provided you level and not the other team) thrown in. Also we could pay something like 5s. per man for every goal scored above three and special arrangements made for finishing either as winner or runner-up in a competition. It might also be arranged that 5s. be paid to a man for every 500 spectators over, say, 2,000. With such encouragement we might see more effort being put into our games.

Anyway, it's surely worth a try. It's now up to the clubs to see what they can offer players in the way of more, and fully deserved, money.

PLAYER PORTRAIT

● *Continued from page 10*

the emergence of a new *Kerl* in Franz Beckenbauer, it seemed that Overath might even be excluded from Schön's World Cup plans. Peter Grosser and Bremen's Diethelm Ferner were being widely tipped to fill the position that had once seemed tailor-made for Overath. If only he had been able to take his chance!

But in Hannover, against Yugoslavia, the last international before the *Weltmeisterschaft*, Overath received his recall. In the 32nd minute, Slav 'keeper Pantelic was silly enough to drop a shot from Seeler, and Overath was on the spot to wave Haller aside, and score easily. As much as anything else in a ragged match, it was this goal that ensured Overath his place in England.

"Overath!" said a German colleague just before the start of the Championships and contorted his face in scorn. Unfortunately this is how he is regarded in many parts of Germany. The fans don't take to him because he is not what a star footballer "should" be. He has little care for the gentle but firm artistry of Beckenbauer, no interest in the embellished technique of Hornig, and few leanings towards the "bull-at-a-gate" outlook of a Seeler at his most truculent.

But during the World Cup, in England, there were few people to criticise the deep-lying, defensive, Overath. He was disciplined and hard-working, always looking for the occasion to surprise the opposition with a snap long pass out of defence. Tirelessly he set up play for the inspired workings of Haller and Beckenbauer.

He's never played better for his country than against England in the final.

One moment in the first-half stands out in my mind as a testimony of his style of play. Repeatedly he tried to play to Emmerich, and repeatedly the winger uselessly returned the ball to the closely-guarded Overath. Then, dragging the ball back with the sole of his boot, feinting left, tricking right, he managed to create a vital gap, and the space and time in which to hit a long, thoughtful pass, far up the left-wing for the weaving, dancing, Sigi Held.

Wolfgang Overath—the power behind the declining Schaefer, and then the World Cup prop of Haller and Co. Now the *Spielfuehrer* (schemer) of Willy Multhaup's young 1st FC Koln.

The days of Matthews are gone but is there a revival at

BLACKPOOL?

WHEN I was at school in Surrey some years ago, I was the odd one out in a class full of fanatical soccer followers. My class mates were avid supporters of London's big name clubs —with Chelsea and Fulham figuring as the most popular.

But I was different. I didn't even support a southern team, let alone a London one. My team was Blackpool and as far as I was concerned they were the greatest.

For many months they had just been the name that I looked for each Saturday afternoon when the football results appeared on the television. At that time I was too busy actually playing soccer to have time on Saturdays to watch the professional game.

Why I became attached to Blackpool, hardly one of the country's glamour clubs, I do not know. Perhaps I was lured by the fact that Stanley Matthews, the greatest footballer I have ever seen, wore the tangerine of the Seasiders from Bloomfield Road.

Perhaps because the first FA Cup Final I can remember seeing was in 1953—and I'm sure nobody requires reminding that in that year Blackpool beat Bolton Wanderers 4-3 in one of the most dramatic finals ever.

My cousin, too, was a Blackpool fan. We first saw them in the flesh at Arsenal and although Matthews didn't play, our heroes won in fine style.

A few weeks later they appeared at Chelsea and with Matthews a definite starter the crowd rapidly grew to mammoth proportions. The appeal of this wizard was fantastic; people would travel for miles deserting for a day their own team, just to watch *him* play. The other twenty-one players and the result were irrelevant.

They came to see Stanley Matthews and the more he tormented, teased and finally shattered his opposing full-back the more they cheered. And those present at Stamford Bridge on this occasion couldn't have asked for a better performance from the maestro.

Blackpool trailed by a Jimmy Greaves goal when, soon after the start of the second-half, Matthews was accidentally kicked by the Chelsea left-back, Ian MacFarlane. Off he limped to receive treatment and the crowd—Chelsea fans, too, I shouldn't wonder—gave as one, a sigh of disappointment.

A few minutes later those sighs turned to tumultuous cheers as Matthews returned and proceeded to give a magnificent display. MacFarlane hadn't a chance and with Matthews laying on four chances that even I could have accepted with my eyes shut, Blackpool romped home easy victors.

Jimmy Armfield, during his reign as captain of England, shakes hands with Yugoslavia's skipper Josip Skoblar. (Baron 1.)

Although my opportunities of watching my club in action were few and far between, my allegiance grew and I had my autographs, scrapbooks, pictures and programmes to diminish the 200 miles that separated my home from Bloomfield Road.

Then came a great day in my life. A trip to Blackpool. It was their last home match of the season, against Arsenal. My cousin and I travelled up in the knowledge that the Seasiders had only lost their unbeaten home record a few days earlier against Wolverhampton Wanderers. Our hopes that they would return to the winning trail were not, unfortunately, fulfilled. Arsenal won 2-1 with a late winning goal from Len Julians.

But even to this day I can recall, with some pleasure, the look of amazement on the face of the girl in the Supporters' Club office when we enrolled and gave our addresses as Surbiton, Surrey.

A few months later I left school and joined the staff of *Soccer Star* and *World Soccer*. My active support for Blackpool naturally waned considerably but deep down I retained both my admiration and affection towards the club.

In recent years they have found themselves in troubled waters (it is no more than coincidence that Blackpool began to slide soon after I stopped watching them regularly!).

The threat of relegation became an annual event, as regular as Christmas but never so welcome. Blackpool have a fine tradition for producing outstanding players and their few ventures into the transfer market—on an extremely limited budget—usually paid dividends.

Struggling

But struggling clubs rarely experience the best of luck and the Seasiders never successfully replaced the players that took them to the top in the 1950's.

Their failure to do so was hardly surprising. How do you replace men of the calibre of Matthews, Stan Mortensen, George Farm, Harry Johnston, Jackie Mudie, Ernie Taylor, Bill Perry and many others?

Fine individuals still proudly sported the tangerine of the Lancashire club but their potential on paper was never matched by achievement as a team on the field.

They unearthed Gordon West and Tony Waiters in goal; Jimmy Armfield (the best full-back it has been my pleasure to watch); Ray Charnley and, more latterly, Alan Ball and Emlyn Hughes. Others, too, who began promisingly only to fade as time wore on.

Blackpool are not a rich club. Attendances, even in the days of Matthews and Mortensen, were never exceptional. The most they have ever packed into their diminutive Bloomfield Road ground is 38,098.

At one time I remember reading of plans to launch a super-stadium for Blackpool. Just another dream it would seem, never to progress further than the drawing-board.

Without the funds to scoop the transfer market little Blackpool were doomed to the Second Division long before they finally made the drop. And I am not sure that relegation was a bad thing.

Gates had slumped drastically; the players' spirits were at a low ebb after endless weeks of frustration, stretching from one season to another.

Special feature
by **PHILIP RISING**

Manager Ron Suart could do little to stem the tide. His one ace card—brilliant Alan Ball—was to be trumped in the shape of a £110,000 bid from Everton. Ball had wanted a move . . . and who could blame him?

It wasn't exclusively a question of money. Ball wanted to demonstrate his world class skills at the appropriate level; wanted to taste European football; wanted success and al lthe bonuses that go with it.

He was entitled to all this and Everton could provide it. Blackpool were in no financial position to refuse a £110,000 carrot even if it meant relegation. In later months they were to release Hugh Fisher (a promising young wing-half to Southampton) and Emlyn Hughes (brilliant, versatile defender to Liverpool) for a combined fee of around £100,000.

It must have been heartbreaking to the club, their hands forced through measures purely economic, to sell the players that should have been the basis, the beginning of the Blackpool of the future.

Suart had money, albeit limited, to buy new players but the men he wanted were either not available or too highly priced. His bids for many players were turned down, although he did manage to capture Alan Suddick from Newcastle and Alan Skirton from Arsenal.

Long before the end of the fated 1966-67 season Blackpool were booked for relegation and, predictably, the axe came down on Suart.

On February 20, 1967, a familiar figure returned to Bloomfield Road. As chirpy as ever, Stan Mortensen, an immortal name in Lancashire, came home. He gave up his sports shop business to accept the challenge of putting the club he served so magnificently as a player back on the soccer map.

Tenacity

Nobody in soccer could have envied him his task. Within a few days Hughes and Fisher departed. But resolution, tenacity and determination were qualities never lacking in the burly frame of Mortensen when he wore the number nine shirt of Blackpool and England.

For those whose memories cannot recall "Morty" in the days when he was the best centre-forward around, he was in the traditional mould. Powerful and a fearsome proposition for any goalkeeper or centre-half.

But he had skill, too, and a natural instinct for scoring goals . . . he collected three in the 1953 Cup Final. Yet was he the man to revive a club that had lost faith in itself and appeared to have one foot in the grave?

Mortensen could no nothing to prevent Blackpool from leaving the First Division which they had occupied since 1937. At the end of the term the Seasiders sat on the foot of the Division with a record that was as miserable as the statistics suggested.

Nevertheless his very appearance at Bloomfield Road was enough to act as an inspiration and a boost to sagging morale; the sort of tonic that the staff desperately needed. New players were signed in anticipation of the hard months ahead.

Gordon Milne at last arrived from Liverpool. He provided midfield craft and that invaluable commodity . . . experience. Fresh young talent came, too. Gerry Ingram and Tony Green, a snippet at £12,000 from Albion Rovers, personified the rejuvenated approach.

Mortensen made changes in his coaching and training staff. Harry Johnston, for many years (including their three FA Cup Final appearances) skipper of the Seasiders, joined as assistant to "Morty". Recently former Irish international Len Graham, a 40 year old FA coach from Lilleshall, succeeded Wilf Dixon as trainer-coach.

No miracles

Mortensen didn't promise to produce miracles overnight. His task was not one that could be rushed and although the hard core of supporters that remained loyal were hungry for success they appreciated that Blackpool, like Rome, wasn't going to be built in a day.

Only Jimmy Armfield of the big names remained. Age, of course, has slowed him down but he has class and experience and no amount of time can take that away.

Perhaps Armfield cannot help but recall the days when he was the number one right-back in the world. The day, for example, when he tamed Spain's Francisco Gento, allegedly the fastest winger in the world, at Wembley.

It was Armfield who did more than any other to show how full-backs can be deployed as attacking weapons, that they are not simply implements of defence. His sorties down the right-wing for England captured the imagination of the crowds and brought new, and now universally accepted, dimension into full-back strategy.

He is the one link between the old and the new. Blackpool has never brought him honours at club level and, even if I wasn't a Tangerines man at heart, there is nothing I would like more than for Armfield to win a championship medal before he finally hangs up his boots.

It is far too early in the season to offer rash predictions about promotion this campaign. Certainly Blackpool began this season in fine style but indications to date suggest that the Second Division title race is going to be contested by a number of clubs.

There are no clear favourites and although Blackpool figure among the contenders, next May is still a long, long way off.

It is difficult to watch Blackpool without thinking of the past, recalling what used to be, the "good old days". But they, like so many other clubs, have sensibly learned that you cannot live on past achievements. It is the present and, particularly, the future that matters and, in addition, comparisons between the old and the new are unfair and pointless.

Perhaps Blackpool will never reach a position among the elite in British football. They may dream about European football at Bloomfield Road; I suppose I do, too. But dreams can be fun even if they fail to turn to reality.

Personally I will be happy to see Blackpool back in the First Division. Pale they may be against the might of Manchester United, Tottenham, Liverpool, Everton, etc. but there are a few thousand like me who wouldn't dream of swapping our allegiance.

We still think they are the greatest!

A determined Stan Mortensen (right) with his assistant, Harry Johnston. (Prov. 1.)

European Commentary by Gordon Jeffery

POLAND'S HONOURS

POLAND took the honours in this year's Rappan Cup competition. Not only did they supply the only club with a one hundred per cent record, Ruch Chorzow, but two of their remaining three representatives, Polonia Bytom and Zaglebie Sosnowiec, also headed their groups. But, unless for the purpose it is decided to merge the group results into an order of merit on a league basis (as I have done in the accompanying table), there will be no Cup-holders this year.

The protracted programme through quarter, semi and final stages, such as we have seen over the previous six years of the Rappan, has never created much more than local interest and has, inevitably perhaps, been overshadowed by same stage matches in the European Champions, Cup-Winners' and Fairs Cups competitions. I think what happens is that the very virtues of the competition in its initial stages are liabilities after the group matches have been completed. In those first stages, apart from the fact that they provide matches at a competitive level against foreign opposition in a time of football famine, ideally twelve countries are represented with four clubs apiece competing on a group basis that always sustains interest longer than "sudden death" cup competitions. But once the group competitions have been completed there is a natural decline in interest on the part of countries without a surviving representative club and, unlike that of the other European club competitions, there is no compensating interest shown by those countries that had taken no part in Rappan at all. The organisers were wise I think to have decided this year to introduce immediate rewards, in the shape of 10,000 Swiss francs, for the winners of each of the twelve groups.

Keenness

I think that the results and the final group tables are a fair indication of the keenness shown by all clubs—forty-eight of them!—who took part this year. That only one, Ruch Chorzow as I have already mentioned, won all six of their matches; only two—the Czech club, VSS Kosice, and Ruch—avoided defeat; only three failed to win (Jednota Zilina, Aarhus GF and Young Fellows); and none went pointless, is quite surprising in a competition involving clubs from countries where the standard of play must vary considerably. The fair assumption is that the prospect of a tangible prize for group winning (as distinct from the more distant, and doubtful, hope of continuing further in the competition) had the clubs trying all the time and not disposed to be content with summer saunters.

The entry, as I expect some will have noticed from the tables, did not correspond to the ideal of four clubs from each of twelve countries. Only eleven countries in fact took part and Switzerland supplied three extra clubs and Sweden one extra. That the seven Swiss clubs were spread over the two Groups (roughly West and East Europe) does provide a possible comparison between respective strengths. In Group A, in competition with French, Belgian and Netherlands clubs, the four Swiss clubs ended up 1st, 4th, 2nd and 2nd. In Group A, against Polish-W. German-Swedish; Swedish-E. German-Czech; and Polish-Danish-Austrian clubs, the three Swiss clubs ended 4th, 4th and 3rd respectively—but I would not read too much into that!

ALL THE RAPPAN CUP RESULTS FOR 1967

GROUP A										
Section One	Lug	Bor	Spa	War	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Lugano	—	0-0	2-0	2-1	**3**	**1**	**2**	**8**	**5**	**7**
Bordeaux	2-1	—	1-4	0-2	3	1	2	5	7	7
Sparta Rotterdam	1-0	0-1	—	4-0	3	0	3	9	6	6
Waregem	1-3	0-1	2-0	—	2	0	4	6	10	4
Section Two	Fei	Dar	Rac	Lau						
Feijenoord	—	5-1	3-0	4-2	**5**	**0**	**1**	**17**	**6**	**10**
Daring	1-0	—	0-0	1-0	3	1	2	8	9	7
Racing Strasbourg	1-3	3-1	—	0-2	1	2	3	6	11	4
Lausanne	1-2	1-4	2-2	—	1	1	4	8	13	3
Section Three	Lil	Sio	Brt	Gro						
Lille Olympique	—	0-0	0-1	2-1	**3**	**2**	**1**	**10**	**6**	**8**
Sion	1-3	—	5-2	3-1	3	1	2	10	7	7
Beerschot	2-2	0-1	—	1-1	1	3	2	6	9	5
Groningen	1-3	1-0	0-0	—	1	2	3	5	9	4
Section Four	LSK	Gre	Rou	GoA						
Lierse SK	—	3-1	1-1	2-0	**4**	**1**	**1**	**13**	**7**	**9**
FC Grenchen	2-1	—	1-1	2-0	2	2	2	8	9	6
FC Rouen	2-4	1-1	—	4-3	1	3	2	9	15	5
Go Ahead Deventer	1-2	3-1	5-0	—	2	0	4	12	11	4
GROUP B										
Section One	Han	Lok	Nor	Rap						
Hannover 96	—	2-1	1-2	1-1	**4**	**1**	**1**	**10**	**6**	**9**
Lokomotive Leipzig	1-2	—	4-0	2-1	3	1	2	10	5	7
Norrkoping	1-2	0-2	—	6-3	2	0	4	12	16	4
Rapid Vienna	0-2	0-0	4-3	—	1	2	3	9	14	4
Section Two	Zag	Sch	Wac	Dju						
Zaglebie Sosnowiec	—	1-0	4-3	4-1	**5**	**0**	**1**	**14**	**7**	**10**
Schalke 04	1-0	—	1-1	2-0	3	1	2	7	7	7
Wacker Innsbruck	1-3	1-2	—	2-0	2	1	3	15	10	5
Djurgaarden	1-2	4-1	0-7	—	1	0	5	6	18	2
Section Three	Pol	Wer	Elf	Gra						
Polonia Bytom	—	2-1	3-0	5-1	**5**	**0**	**1**	**16**	**6**	**10**
Werder Bremen	2-0	—	4-1	1-1	3	2	1	12	7	8
Elfsborg Boras	1-2	2-2	—	5-2	1	1	4	10	16	3
Grasshoppers	1-4	1-2	3-1	—	1	1	4	9	18	3
Section Four	IFK	CZJ	Boh	YF						
IFK Gothenburg	—	4-0	2-1	2-2	**4**	**1**	**1**	**16**	**7**	**9**
Carl Zeiss Jena	3-1	—	1-0	3-2	4	1	1	10	9	9
Bohemians Prague	1-3	1-1	—	4-0	2	1	3	12	8	5
Young Fellows	0-4	1-2	1-5	—	0	1	5	6	20	1
Section Five	RhC	FK	YB	1st						
Ruch Chorzow	—	5-1	4-3	2-0	**6**	**0**	**0**	**18**	**6**	**12**
Frem Kopenhagen	1-2	—	4-1	4-1	2	1	3	11	11	5
Young Boys Berne	0-2	0-0	—	2-0	1	2	3	8	12	4
1st Vienna FC	1-3	2-1	2-2	—	1	1	4	6	14	3
Section Six	VSS	Dyn	AIK	Aar						
VSS Kosice	—	2-1	4-0	3-1	**3**	**3**	**0**	**11**	**4**	**9**
Dynamo Dresden	0-0	—	1-2	2-1	3	1	2	10	7	7
AIK Stockholm	1-1	1-4	—	1-0	3	1	2	7	11	7
Aarhus GF	1-1	1-2	1-2	—	0	1	5	5	11	1
Section Seven	KB	UT	UB	Kat						
KB Kopenhagen	—	1-0	1-0	3-2	**5**	**0**	**1**	**10**	**4**	**10**
Union Teplice	2-1	—	1-1	3-1	4	1	1	9	4	9
Union Berlin	0-3	0-1	—	3-0	1	1	4	4	7	3
Katowice	0-1	0-2	1-0	—	1	0	5	4	12	2
Section Eight	For	Lin	Vej	Jed						
Fortuna Dusseldorf	—	2-1	3-2	1-0	**4**	**0**	**2**	**12**	**10**	**8**
Linzer ASK	2-1	—	2-1	1-1	2	3	1	7	6	7
Vejle	5-3	1-1	—	2-1	2	2	2	12	11	6
Jednota Zilina	0-2	0-0	1-1	—	0	3	3	3	7	3

		P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
1.	**Ruch Chorzow (Poland)**	**6**	**6**	**0**	**0**	**18**	**6**	**12**
2.	Feijenoord (Netherlands)	6	5	0	1	17	6	10
3.	Polonia Bytom (Poland)	6	5	0	1	16	6	10
4.	KB Kopenhagen (Denmark)	6	5	0	1	10	4	10
5.	Zaglebie Sosnowiec (Poland)	6	5	0	1	14	7	10
6.	VSS Kosice (Czechoslovakia)	6	3	3	0	11	4	9
7.	IFK Gothenburg (Sweden)	6	4	1	1	16	7	9
8.	Union Teplice (Czechoslovakia)	6	4	1	1	9	4	9
9.	Lierse SK (Belgium)	6	4	1	1	13	7	9
10.	Hannover 96 (W. Germany)	6	4	1	1	10	6	9
11.	Carl Zeiss Jena (E. Germany)	6	4	1	1	10	9	9
12.	Werder Bremen (W. Germany)	6	3	2	1	12	7	8
13.	Lille Olympique (France)	6	3	2	1	10	6	8
14.	Fortuna Dusseldorf (W. Germany)	6	4	0	2	12	10	8
15.	Lokomotive Leipzig (E. Germany)	6	3	1	2	10	5	7
16.	Lugano (Switzerland)	6	3	1	2	8	5	7
17.	Dynamo Dresden (E. Germany)	6	3	1	2	10	7	7
	Sion (Switzerland)	6	3	1	2	10	7	7
19.	Linzer ASK (Austria)	6	2	3	1	7	6	7
20.	Schalke 04 (W. Germany)	6	3	1	2	7	7	7
21.	Daring (Belgium)	6	3	1	2	8	9	7
22.	Bordeaux (France)	6	3	1	2	5	7	7
23.	AIK Stockholm (Sweden)	6	3	1	2	7	11	7
24.	Sparta Rotterdam (Netherlands)	6	3	0	3	9	6	6
25.	Vejle Bold Klub (Denmark)	6	2	2	2	12	11	6
26.	FC Grenchen (Switzerland)	6	2	2	2	8	9	6
27.	Wacker Innsbruck (Austria)	6	2	1	3	15	10	5
	Bohemians Prague (Czechoslovakia)	6	2	1	3	12	8	5
29.	Frem Kopenhagen (Denmark)	6	2	1	3	11	11	5
30.	Beerschot (Belgium)	6	1	3	2	6	9	5
31.	FC Rouen (France)	6	1	3	2	9	15	5
32.	Go Ahead Deventer (Netherlands)	6	2	0	4	12	11	4
33.	IFK Norrkoping (Sweden)	6	2	0	4	12	16	4
34.	Young Boys Berne (Switzerland)	6	1	2	3	8	12	4
35.	Rapid Wien (Austria)	6	1	2	3	9	14	4
36.	Waregem (Belgium)	6	2	0	4	6	10	4
37.	Groningen (Netherlands)	6	1	2	3	5	9	4
38.	Racing Strasbourg (France)	6	1	2	3	6	11	4
39.	Elsborg Boras (Sweden)	6	1	1	4	10	16	3
40.	Lausanne (Switzerland)	6	1	1	4	8	13	3
41.	Union Berlin (E. Germany)	6	1	1	4	4	7	3
42.	Grasshoppers (Switzerland)	6	1	1	4	9	18	3
43.	Jednota Zilina (Czechoslovakia)	6	0	3	3	3	7	3
	Vienna (Austria)	6	1	1	4	6	14	3
45.	GKS Katowice (Poland)	6	1	0	5	4	12	2
46.	Djurgaarden (Sweden)	6	1	0	5	6	18	2
47.	Aarhus GF (Denmark)	6	0	1	5	5	11	1
48.	Young Fellows (Switzerland)	6	0	1	5	6	20	1

HUNGARIAN NEWS

● *Continued from page 16*

declared redundant by the Honved management and was forced to resign. *"Sic transit gloria mundi"* — or, as Jimmy Hill would say, "You are only as good as your team's last performance!"

Ujpesti Dozsa have been collecting the points steadily, Bene making a welcome return as a goal-scorer, after many frustrating weeks when he was unable to find the target.

Attendances are well up on last year, in fact a new record is in sight, due partly of course to the increased number of clubs in the Premier Division. The "all-time" record was established in the 1959-60 season with the aggregate 2,649,500. Up to now, 2,110,000 people have bought tickets with seven more "rounds" to go. The 184 matches produced 582 goals, so the average is 3-1 per match.

Since we are indulging in the fascinating(?) science of statistics, I am glad to record that Hungary's victory versus Austria was the 241st win in their history. *The overall record* (1902-1967): Played 429, won 241, drew 86, lost 102. Goal average. 1176-707. *Since World War II:* Played 188, won 124, drew 32, lost 32. (571-242.)

TOPSCORERS

	Gls.
Dunai (Ujpesti Dozsa)	25
Albert (Ferencvaros)	22
Bene (Ujpesti Dozsa)	15
Varsanyi (Gyor)	15
Puskas (Vasas)	14
Szurgent (Diosgyor)	13

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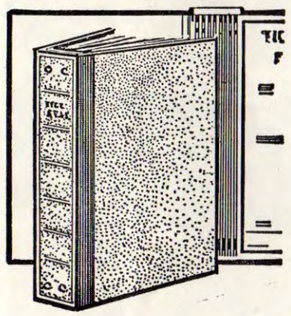

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NORTH AMERICAN SECTION

CALIFORNIA CLIP THE BAY BOYS

by COLIN JOSE

THE California Clippers winners of the Western Division of the National Professional Soccer League, captured the overall championship of the league in a two-game total goal final with the Eastern Champions, Baltimore Bays.

The Clippers who scored more goals in the regular season than any other team in the league, defeated the Bays 4-2 after dropping the first game 0-1.

In the opening game in Baltimore Memorial Stadium the contrast in tactics was strongly in evidence. Baltimore who had to try to build up a lead for the second game surprisingly stuck by their normal defensive 4-3-3, while California used a balanced 4-2-4.

The last time I had watched California they had used a system similar to the "Verrou", but for this game they switched to the more conventional. The line-ups plus substitutions were:

Baltimore Bays: Adlington; Badu, Zemaria (Uriel), Primo, Tejada; Santisteban, Viollet, Uriel (Nelio); St. Vil (Art Welsh), Klasson (St. Vil), Art Welsh (Asher Welsh).

California Clippers: Stojanovic; Scott, Cop, Hoftvedt, Gavric; Davidovic (Rowan) Djukic (Quiros); Marin, Mitic, Milosevic (Baesso), Lievano.

This was a well played game, and British referee Walter Crossley had little trouble controlling it, or perhaps there was little trouble because he was controlling it.

After five minutes Mitic had a great chance to put the Clippers ahead but shot over the bar. Play was mostly in midfield with the defences in control, but at the 28 minute mark Stojanovic made a brilliant save from Klasson.

The Baltimore midfield trio failed to back up their attack fast enough, and the forwards were always outnumbered. On the other hand California were guilty of putting the final pass astray.

After 28 minutes of the second-half Baltimore scored the only goal of the game. A fine short passing move between Viollet and Santisteban, saw the former English international crash the ball past Stojanovic on the volley.

One minute later the Clippers struck back and a shot by Mitic passed under Adlington's body and just grazed an upright.

Baltimore had little difficulty holding out for the rest of the time, but everyone was asking would one goal be enough, and they had to wait six days for the answer.

The attendance was 16,329 the largest ever for a soccer game in Baltimore.

The second game was played in Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, and Baltimore elected to try to protect their one goal lead. Teams:

California Clippers: Stojanovic; Scott, Cop, Hoftvedt, Gavric; Davidovic, Djukic (Quiros); Marin, Mitic (Baesso), Milosevic, Rowan.

Baltimore Bays: Adlington; Badu (Uriel), Zemaria, Primo, Tejada; Santisteban, Viollet, Uriel (Nelio); Art Welsh (St. Vil), St. Vil (Klasson), Asher Welsh (Minor).

Surprisingly Baltimore broke away and almost scored in the first minute, Art Welsh drew Stojanovic out and pushed the ball across the open goalmouth, but there was no one there to add the finishing touch.

It was soon evident that this was going to be a different game from the first one. Tensions were high and referee Ashkenazi did not have any control over the players.

Early in the game Baltimore started wasting time, but as time went on California got more and more on top, and in the 25th minute they went ahead.

Right-half Davidovic who played very well throughout, lobbed the ball into the penalty area and Djukic standing unmarked headed the ball over Adlington's head.

Barry Rowan was giving the Bays an awkward time and five minutes later he pushed a square ball to Davidovic who in an almost identical move, found Djukic again unmarked and he once again headed the ball over Adlington's head.

In the 35th minute the trouble that had been brewing all through the game came to a head, when Primo pulled Milosevic down in the penalty area. The referee had no hesitation in awarding a penalty, and immediately he was violently pushed and shoved by the Bays players.

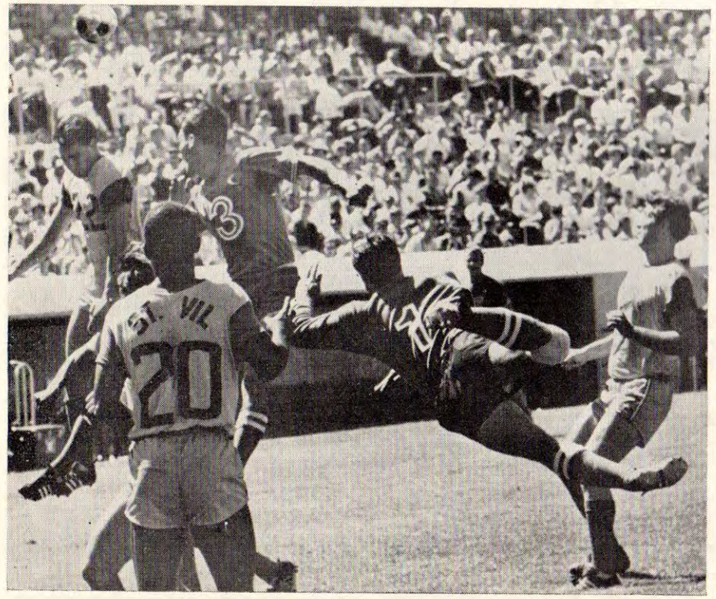
Things might really have got out of hand but for the presence of the Bays goalkeeper Terry Adlington who stepped in to protect the referee from his own players. Uriel almost went berserk, and Adlington had to hold on to him until he calmed down a little.

Djukic was awarded the spot-kick but just as he was going to take it he was kicked by Zemaria, then Santisteban got his marching orders for arguing too vehemently. At this Uriel went wild again and kept pulling Santisteban back onto the field when he tried to go off.

Eventually things calmed down enough for Djukic to score from the spot and so complete his hat-trick.

Baltimore stormed into the attack straight from the kick-off and Uriel blazed a great chance wide, then five minutes before half-time they reduced the aggregate score to 3-2. Asher Welsh took a corner on the right and St. Vil standing in the goal area headed it in, much to the surprise of Stojanovic.

Twelve minutes after half-time the Clippers restored their two-goal advantage when Mitic put Marin through. The winger's shot was partially stopped by Adlington but just dribbled inside the post.



Clippers' Momcilo Gavric (3) heads the ball away to turn back a Baltimore scoring attempt. Joining in the action are Baltimore's Leif Klasson (22) Guy St. Vil (20), Zemaria (2) and Clipper goalkeeper, Mirko Stojanovic (1).

1967 National Professional Soccer League Champions Oakland Clippers. Front row: 15, Mario Baesso; 13, Roel Crawford; 5, Milan Cop; 16, Leonel Conde; 14, Edgar Marin; 17, George Lievano; 11, Miguel Zuniga; 10, William Quiros; 19, Ilija Lukic; 7, Barry Rowan. Back row: Manager Dr. Aleksandar Obradovic; Trainer Boro Babic, 9, Sele Milosevic; 6, Mel Scott; 18, Dimitrije Davidovic; 3, Momcilo Gavric; 12, Trond Hoftvedt; 1, Mirko Stojanovic; 8, Ademar Saccone; 4, Ilija Mitic; 2, Roy Lunnis; Coach Ivan Toplak. (Not pictured—20, Dragan Djukic.)

After this the game got further out of control, with a series of very bad tackles. Zemaria was a serious offender in this respect, and at the third such offence, had his name taken where most referees would have sent him off for the first one.

California were now definitely superior to Baltimore, and to their great credit did not respond to the vicious tactics of some of the Bays, they effectively controlled the game, and restricted Baltimore's ten men to breakaways. At the final whistle the Clippers were well deserved champions.

Foresight

This victory was a triumph for general manager Dr. Aleksander Obradovic and his coach Ivan Toplak who had the foresight to build a team of one predominant nationality — Jugoslavian — and thus avoid language problems and confliction between players of Latin temperament and those from the north.

Strangely enough though when Ken Macker commissioner of the NPSL presented the championship trophy, he handed it not to the players, or their coaches, but to the owners, a good indication of the big business attitude of American sport.

Attendance at the game was a disappointing 9,037.

On the day of the National Professional Soccer League final, commissioner Ken Macker dropped a bombshell by announcing that the NPSL had filed suit in the Fedrael Court of the Southern District of New York against the United States Soccer Football Association, the United Soccer Association and FIFA alleging that theirs is a monopoly in United States professional soccer and therefore in violation of the Sherman anti-trust laws.

Recognition

The suit calls for a suspension of all soccer in the United States until the NPSL is granted recognition, plus 18 million dollars in damages.

With the mini league of the United Soccer Association complete some clubs took to promoting exhibition games in order to further popularise the game. Some of these produced some interesting pairings and results.

In Toronto Greek champions Olympiakos played two games, the first of these against the champion team of the Azores—Angrense.

The Azoreans were no match for the Greeks and the predominantly Greek crowd of 9,723 watched a lopsided contest with their favourites winning 6-1. Georgios Sideris scored three goals for Olympiakos, with Polychroniou getting two and Giotsos one. Laureano got Angrense's lone goal but they were completely outclassed.

We hear very little of soccer in the Azores and therefore the Angrense line-up is very interesting. Teixeira; Medina, Carlos Silva, Edmundo, Machado; Anibal, Jorge Augustino; Mario, Jose Agostinho, Jose Gabriel, Laureano.

The second game was against European Cup finalists Internazionale of Milan, but before this Inter had played Santos in New York, and gained revenge for last year's 4-1 defeat by beating the Brazilians 1-0.

A crowd of 37,063 saw Santos dominate the play for most of the opening half, but with eight minutes gone in the second-half it was Inter who scored, through Sandro Mazzola. After this Inter had most of the game until with ten minutes left, trouble erupted between Soldo, Toninho and Dotti.

This led to the fans invading the pitch and attacking the Brazilian players and referee Olten Ayres Abreu also of Brazil. Inter left the field immediately the trouble started and returned 15 minutes later when the police had things under control. Toninho and Dotti were sent off.

With Inter being very active in the transfer market in the off season (as Arthur Rotmil pointed out in detail in the September "World Soccer"), the line-ups provide some clues as to what we can expect from Inter this season.

Internazionale: Sarti; Burgnich, Soldo, Santarini, Dotti; Landini, S. Mazzola; F. Mazzola, Nielsen, Corso, Poli.

Santos: Gilmar; Joel, Rildo, Lima, Ciodoaldo; Orlando, Wilson; Toninho, Silva, Pele, Edu.

On Thursday, August 31, Inter played Olympiakos and the game attracted the largest attendance of the season for a soccer game in Canada—23,137. With most of the seats at seven dollars (£2 7s.) each it was an exceptionally good crowd.

Instead of being played at the regular venue—Varsity Stadium—the game was played in the Maple Leaf Baseball Stadium on the shores of Lake Ontario. The crowd was the largest ever to attend a sporting event in the stadium, where International League baseball attracts around 500 people to a game (baseball is not a major sport in Canada). At Varsity Stadium on the same night a crowd of just over 3,000 watched a game of American football.

Many fans did not get into the stadium until after half-time because of the huge traffic jams caused by the game clashing with the Canadian National Exhibition being held just along the lakeshore. It was noticeable that large areas of the stands filled up after the interval possibly pushing the attendance closer to 30,000.

Inter went ahead in the seventh minute when following a corner on the right, a shot by Nielsen was deflected into his own net by a Greek defender.

Poor covering and lax defensive play enabled Olympiakos to equalise in the 21st minute. Vassiliou centred the ball to Gioutsos who had time to control the ball on the edge of the Inter penalty area before lobbing it over the head of the advancing Sarti.

Four minutes later another

● *Continued overleaf*

CLIPPERS WIN

● *Continued from previous page*

defensive error enabled Aganian to put Olympiakos ahead. The Greeks went wild, but their joy was short lived for in the 32nd minute Inter levelled the scores again with the best goal of the game.

D'Amato who was impressive throughout the first-half, took a pass from Sandro Mazzola and crashed the ball into the net from 35 yards giving Valianos no chance.

There was no further scoring but plenty of interesting and exciting soccer as the Greeks kept their team together hoping to score a prestige win and also to give themselves match practice before their European Cup tie with Juventus.

Inter on the other hand experimented with players and combinations of players in an attempt to build a new team. Certainly throughout the evening they looked far from a great team as they attempted to merge the new players with the old. Also they were minus Facchetti, Bedin and Suarez who did not make the tour.

The line-ups with substitutes in brackets were:

Olympiakos: Valianos; Gaitatzis, Zanteroglou, N. Sideris, Pavlidis; Polychroniou, G. Sideris; Vassiliou, Gioutsos, Aganian, Botinos.

Internazionale: Sarti; Landini; Burgnich, Soldo, Dotti; Benitez (Colausig), Corso (Poli); D'Amato (F. Mazzola), Nielsen, S. Mazzola, Bonfanti (Cappellini).

The referee was "Tiny" Wharton of Glasgow who was flown over from Scotland for the game and who received an ovation from the crowd for his excellent handling of the game.

Inter also played two games in Mexico where they beat Toluca 2-1 and drew 0-0 with Necaxa.

Big crowd

At Kezar Stadium in San Francisco a crowd of 16,500 saw Benfica and Boca Juniors meet for the first time in their history, the game ended in a draw 1-1. Four nights later the same two teams again played to a 1-1 draw this time before 20,390 in Los Angeles. Zarich scored for Boca, Eusebio equalised for Benfica.

Despite the fine attendances at the games Inter played, soccer still has a long way to go to catch the attendances for American and Canadian football.

As an indication of this let us compare the season attendance figures of the United Soccer Association with those for the opening day of the National Football League.

A total of 581,904 spectators attended the United Soccer Association league games this summer, with the average attendance being 7,862.

In comparison a total of 464,007 watched the first EIGHT games played in the National Football League, with the average attendance being 58,001.

An Associated Press poll of the Managing Editors of North American newspapers showed that they estimate that 12 per cent of their readers follow soccer, while 78 per cent follow professional football and 75 per cent baseball, with 58 per cent interested in golf.

A good indication of the lack of soccer knowledge on North American radio stations came recently in the announcement of the result of a Rangers v. Celtic game. It went "Celtics beat Glasgow 3-1 in a Scottish League Cup game played in *London* tonight."

Great Escape

WITH a final last ditch effort Toronto Falcons, the only Canadian team in the National Professional Soccer League, escaped the cellar in the Western Division.

Toronto were stuck at the bottom until the last week of the regular schedule, but then a 2-1 win at Chicago, a 4-4 tie with St. Louis and a 5-2 win over the Los Angeles Toros enabled them to climb above the Toros who finished on the bottom rung.

Highlight of the final week was the performance of John "Yanko" Daucik who scored seven goals in the last two games. His four against the Toros was a record for the league. Daucik despite Toronto's lowly position ended up as the league's leading goalscorer.

Daucik's father Fernando, the Kubalas Branko and Ladislav, Ken Bracewell, Tony Kuk, Oscar Lopez and Juan Benegas along with "Yanko" Daucik can take a lot of credit for the Falcons' recovery from a very dismal start.

The Falcons had played 10 games, won one, drawn one and lost eight when Fernando Daucik took over as coach, they had scored 13 goals and conceded 26. At the conclusion of their schedule their record read: P 32, W 10, D 5, L 17, GF 59, GA 70 with 127 points, fourteen more than the Los Angeles Toros.

It was by no means a sensational recovery but it was a remarkable one, especially when you consider that they were plagued with injuries throughout and never had a settled team.

Juan Benegas was voted the team's "Most Valuable Player" and he along with Branko Kubala will play for the Spanish First Division club Cordoba this winter.

As I write this the Ontario National League race is going down to the wire with Hamilton Primos who have led the league almost all of the season three points ahead of Toronto Inter-Roma, but Roma have three games remaining to Hamilton's one.

Inter-Roma slipped behind in their fixtures during their dispute with the league, but since that was settled they have come steadily from behind to where they can now win the league if they win all their remaining games, even if Hamilton do win their remaining fixture with the Kitchener Kickers.

Roma's remaining games are with teams well down the league — Toronto Ukrania, Toronto Olympia and Toronto Croatia, and it will be quite a surprise if they should lose any of them.

					Goals		
	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Hamilton P. ...	**21**	**17**	**1**	**3**	**70**	**14**	**35**
Toronto In. R. .	19	16	0	3	56	19	32
Toronto Hellas .	21	13	1	7	49	38	27
Sudbury Italia ...	21	12	2	7	36	28	26
Windsor Teut. ..	20	11	2	7	44	34	24
Toronto Hun. ..	21	9	4	8	57	50	22
Toronto P. U. .	20	5	7	8	32	39	17
Toronto Olympia	21	5	4	12	26	48	14
Polish White E.	21	6	1	14	35	70	13
Toronto Croatia	20	4	4	12	37	61	12
Toronto Ukrania	20	3	6	11	22	44	12
Kitchener K. ...	21	4	4	13	37	57	12

(Up to and including September 23)

At the finish of the league schedule the top six teams will enter the play-offs, where they will be divided into two sections with the first, third and fifth placed teams in one group, and the second, fourth and sixth teams in the other. The top team in each section will advance to the finals.

★ **COLIN JOSE**

Costas Valianos, goalkeeper of Olympiakos of Athens, Greece, saves a dangerous shot during an exhibition game against Internazionale of Milan, Italy, in Toronto's Maple Leaf Stadium. The game, which ended in a 2-2 tie, was played on August 31, 1967, before 23,137 enthusiastic fans.

Open Letters: It's The Season!

Leslie Vernon Speaking Personally

SINCE this form of journalism is becoming increasingly fashionable, I am jumping on the bandwagon of open-letter writers before it gets overcrowded. I expect an immediate increase in my own personal readership because it is a well-known fact that everybody likes to read other people's correspondence—hence the popularity of the published letters of the great men of the past.

I shall address my first letter to you DEAR COLLEAGUES who write for national dailies. . . I would like to congratulate you on your astuteness and perception, when on August 25, 1967 you finally discovered the truth, that British League football is brutal, vicious, over-tough. This state of affairs has existed since time immemorial, but you have ignored it, denied it and camouflaged it behind meaningless phrases such as, "It is a man's game."

But on this historic day, less than 100 hours after the new season started, all of you, suddenly, in unison, stumbled on the obvious. . . In every single morning paper there was an article written by a prominent members of the profession demanding the "cleaning-up" of the domestic game. Statistics were produced, concerning players sent-off, maimed, injured, booked. You have been offered all kinds of solutions to the problems, none of them really practical, but nevertheless, for me, it was very gratifying to read that at last, you have realised that there IS a problem. For once it was not the foreigners to blame with their notorious "shirt-pulling" and "body-checking", who always provoke our innocent boys into justified "retaliation", resulting in dismissals by Continental referees who are all part of the plot to thwart the British. No, this time you all admitted that a certain player deliberately crippled a certain other player without any consequences from the referee, his own club management or the Football League. You did not mention any names —after all, you have to be careful not to offend the sensibilities of your readers, which would damage the circulation of your papers.

Nevertheless, you were indignant, you have condemned the aggressive nature of "British-type" football, the principles, that the end justifies the means, that brawn is more important than brains, that courage and fighting qualities are more valuable than skill. Thank you, gentlemen, at least for one day, you were on my side, or rather on the side of the belief that football is a game to be played with subtlety, artistry and finesse, and not an exercise in open warfare fought out on a battlefield. Unfortunately, this sudden rush of conscience did not last long. You quickly returned to your earlier acquiescent attitudes and instead of attacking violence on the pitch, you have been concentrating on the stupid malignant behaviour of the moronic minority in the crowd.

Many 200-words match reports consisted of 180 words blow by blow description of how two fourteen years old schoolboys were taken out of the ground by the police and the remaining twenty words dealt with the match itself! The start of the European Cup competitions gave you the usual opportunity to parade all your "anti-foreign" prejudices. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the following headlines before Tottenham visited Hajduk. (Incidentally, the two middle letters caused an awful lot of problems to sub-editors, most of them printed it "HADJUK" which means "leave them alone" in Hungarian. A Freudian slip or just plain ignorance?) "Spurs face violence"—*Daily Mirror.* "Spurs face hostile reception" — *London Evening News.* "Wildees worry Spurs"—*Daily Express.*

Swinging

I have been to Split several times, it is undoubtedly one of the dullest, sleepiest coastal resorts in Europe. Compared with Split, Eastbourne is a wild swinging city. So why print such idiotic stories, creating an atmosphere of hostility even before the matches? The games were incidentally played in the best possible sporting manner, the encounter at *Tottehnam*—sorry, Tottenham, was a most enjoyable, good-humoured affair, admirably controlled by Mr. Campos of Portugal. I counted only six fouls during the entire match and the "wildees" of Hajduk apologised even when they were the victims of one or two over-robust tackles. The sporting crowd gave them a well-deserved great ovation. Perhaps people do not read their newspapers as carefully as they ought to, or they believe the evidence of their eyes rather than your scaremongering propaganda. Your other irritating obsession, dear colleagues, is "Mexico 1970". England's World Cup victory last year was marvellous, terrific, unforgettable, shattering, immense, overwhelming, great, well-deserved, the best thing that ever happened to football, a proof of British superiority, a triumph, the crowning glory in the history of the game. O.K.? Satisfied?

You have all said this over and over and boringly over again. Forget it now for a little while and concentrate on the immediate future instead. England should try to qualify for the last eight of the European Championship. This is the immediate task ahead, not Mexico. Do not label every unimportant friendly as a great try-out of new players and tactics for Mexico. The farcical competition last season in Canada and the recent match in Brussels are good examples of this muddled thinking.

Sir Alfred Ramsey took a team to Belgium to open a trade fair. He could not use players from Liverpool (too busy with a League Cup replay!), Tottenham or Manchester United. So he picked a scratch team consisting of a few regulars and some possible internationals. This insignificant exhibition match was written up as a great test of England's chances in Mexico in three years' time! You are not only unrealistic about matches, but about players as well. Week after week several "certainties" appear for—yes, once again—Mexico. One or two good displays by a player and he is advised to get his inoculations, he is bound for Central America! If all these "certainties" would actually get into the England squad, there would be more players than spectators at the World Cup matches. No, my friends, it is much too early to talk about players and selections for 1970. I'll give just one example.

In the 1962-63 season, three years before the last World Cup, a young player called Geoff Hurst made 28 appearances for West Ham United, some of them at wing-half, scoring thirteen goals. Who had the prophetic powers then to predict that this was the boy who was going to score a hat-trick in a victorious World Cup Final? To close my letter, a few words to you, sub-editors. I realise that you have a difficult job sorting out all the various Cups, avoiding being confused by which foreign team is playing in which competition, but there is very little excuse for the mess you have made of the results in the merry month of September (with the notable exception of the *Daily Telegraph*). The prize for the most astonishing piece of information goes to the *Sun* which published this surprise result: Inter-Cities' Fairs Cup. First Round. First Leg. Napoli 4—West Germany 0. See Naples and resign, eh, Herr Helmut Schoen? I feel it would be churlish to conclude without paying a few words of tribute to the poetry of Mr. Desmond Hackett, who sent this beautiful message from Glasgow: "The 75,000 strong Celtic choir was silent." The official attendance for the Celtic-Kiev match was 54,000, but who's counting?

Dispute

My next letter is to you, Mr. Keir Radnedge. You advocated (?) in the September issue of this magazine that I should have been elected as the chairman of the FA. I agree with you wholeheartedly, but as G. B. Shaw said to the solitary dissatisfied customer at the first night of "Pygmalion"—"What can the two of us do against all the rest?" You challenge me to dispute your thesis. Gladly, Mr. Radnedge, although I am not quite sure what your thesis is. If it is "that the British have a method but no style," I agree with you. If it is "that it's not just winning that counts, but the style of winning," I sadly disagree with you. So would any professional, be it a manager or a player. Idealism is only for the amateur. The supreme aim, very often the only aim of a professional is to win, no matter how. In all my talks with managers, coaches, players all over the world, the prominent, dominating factor, the thing that

● *Continued on page 41*

Sydney game is revived

Australian News from ANDREW DETTRE

A SUNNY spring afternoon in Sydney may have marked the beginning of a much-needed soccer revival. Down in a slump both on and off the field for the last two or three years, soccer in this sprawling, lazy and affluent metropolis seemed destined for a sorry future.

But all this was probably changed during a magnificent 90 minutes, to the roar of 20,000 ecstatic spectators in the Sydney competition final which traditionally terminates the local season.

The adversaries were the arch rivals of Sydney soccer: APIA, this year's champions and St. George-Budapest, the runners-up. APIA were the clear favourites and when after 20 minutes they raced to a 2-0 lead, it looked like a knock-out blow. Former Kilmarnock forward Archie Blue was APIA'S danger man; he made the first goal and scored the second himself.

But the Saints, playing with tremendous fire and zest, refused to give up. Just before half-time they pegged the score back to 2-1 and within five minutes of the restart, went into a 3-2 lead. From then on it was as action-packed a match as one could see, accompanied by the roar of the sun-drenched crowd.

The atmosphere, the setting and the game itself all blended into a memorable occasion, making it perhaps the best soccer match seen in Sydney for many a long year. Not since that great game at Goodison Park last year, when Hungary trounced Brazil 3-1, did I witness such a dramatic, absorbing match.

Brian Taylor of Apia is challenged by St. George-Budapest inside-forward Vic Fernandez during the Sydney Cup Final in which the latter overcame the hot favourites by an overwhelming 5-2 victory. (A.D.)

Ultimately, St. George-Budapest won 5-2, running away with the game in the closing stages, rubbing the noses of the favourites into the dirt. One of the heroes of the Saints was their young Australian-born skipper, Johnny Warren, a kind of Alan Ball in full cry; his spirit, perhaps even more than his undoubted skill, kept his side going even when down to a soul-destroying 0-2.

The finesse and the professional touch were provided by former Chelsea man David Cliss.

Slipping through the defence at will, Cliss, once hailed as an all-time great prospect in British football, would have made even Tommy Docherty proud. After 2-2 it was Cliss who scored a magnificent hat-trick, all after free-flowing actions and one very reminiscent of a wall-pass move Beckenbauer did to such perfection in England last year.

The victorious Saints had two other British stalwarts in their team: full-back Roger Hillary, an ex-Chelsea junior and Frank Haffey, the former Scotland and Celtic goalkeeper. They, together with the others — Argentinians Sal Isaac and Vic Fernandez, Australian Geoff Morgan, Hungarian Tibor Zuckerman, German Manfred Schaefer, Austrian Herbert Stegbauer and another Scot, Frank McColgan, made up this wonderfully talented and cosmopolitan team.

Now the only fixtures left to be played are for the Australia Cup, during October. In this the top teams from the various Australian States will compete and on current form St. George could add this trophy to their fast growing collection.

At the end of October the Australian team is scheduled to leave for a five-week Asian tour. First they will take part in the annual Saigon tournament, together with more than half a dozen Asian countries, then will play further games in Bangkok, Djakarta, Singapore and Kuala Lumpur.

The majority of the touring party will come from Sydney clubs, probably some 13 of the 20 players. There is no doubt that this tour will be regarded as a test of strength; if Australia does well in Saigon, they are almost certain to accept a long standing invitation and enter for next year's Merdeka Tournament in Malaysia which is regarded as the premier competition of friendly Asian nations.

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THE NEW RULE IS HERE TO STAY

by SIDNEY CLARKSON

READERS of last month's World Soccer had the chance to think about the new Law 12 as applying to goalkeepers, though one doubts if the specious prejudices of Tom Jagger are any help on the alteration which, to my mind, is speeding up the game and is certainly here to stay. Tom Jagger wants to put the clock back to the old days where goalies and forwards (opposing) did a mutual dodging and nudging act, with goalkeepers trying to grab the last yard inside the penalty area before they cleared with a tremendous kick which almost invariably went into touch or to the opposing half-back.

By the old dispensation of dodge and challenge the game has been marred by accident to goalkeepers—indeed Mapson (Aston Villa) received sufficiently bad injuries when keeping in a game at Sunderland that he died. The referee was called to testify if the unfortunate mishap came within the natural risks and hazards of the game. On the same ground, within the first few minutes from the start, Hesford of Huddersfield Town was challenged and broke an ankle which left him with a permanent limp. At "royal" Wembley did not a challenged goalkeeper (Bert Trautmann) play more than half a game with a broken neck? The new Law 12 is designed to curb both time-wasting, yard-seeking, 'keepers and rumbustious forwards. In a sense it's not new, since Arthur Ellis in his book "The final whistle," written in 1962, proposed then substantially this latest alteration.

Idiom

A keeper, able to use hands and feet will usually beat a forward limited to using (legally) his feet. In the modern idiom of play where defenders quickly become attackers and attackers have to drop back speedily to help out, a centre-forward trying to harass a goalkeeper *in possession* is a man out of place. But more out of place is the argument about the award of a free-kick. We are told with alarm of free-kicks "awarded under the shadow of the bar." Well why not? If the 'keeper collected a ball almost on his goal-line and made more than four steps without bouncing by the old rule, he could incur an indirect free-kick nearer than the twelve yard penalty spot. How ludicrous for a team to spend an "hour a day planning defence against the free-kick in front of the posts." Why not save time and tell the goalkeeper he is docked four pounds for every free-kick he gives away in a match? That would impress the important number of strides. I feel really sorry for those goalkeepers having sleepless nights getting mixed up over their "slow, quick, quick, slow." How embarrassed they must be counting their inflated wage packets weekly! I've news for them. Here in this northern industrial city I am told that every time a 'keeper gets the ball the whole grandstand in unison obligingly counts "one, two, three, four."

Tom Jagger says decisions on this issue could settle a game or a championship. Well of course so can any decision on any law. That is why refs were born. That's why in these nebulous permissive days few will assume responsibility of the whistle, but will freely "spike" those who do. Huddersfield Town in April 1952 lost a mid-week League game at Spurs by a late-taken goal from a corner kicked twice by the same winger. The referee, who was quietly dropped the following season, erred. His linesman did not intrude. Huddersfield went down into Division Two, and are still there.

Stifling

The great Frank Swift, whom I never saw play, is quoted as being a likely rebel against this stifling of the goalkeepers. What rubbish! This fine sportsman who kept so long for England in a day when seven others would have easily graced the sticks, was in advance of his time. His long throw to an unmarked winger is just what goalkeepers are doing now. In my first League game this season, Sheffield Wednesday and Burnley, I saw two fine 'keepers in the younger Springett and Blacklaw (now Blackburn) get rid of the ball as soon as they collected it and made use of it so that attacks began from their own former immune area. Why should a goalkeeper have undisputed right over one tenth of the field? Tom should have a long look at some films showing the Italian idea of *catenaccio*, and the tedious bouncing around in the goal area by the gentleman in the jersey whose side is a goal up. Continental referees have been more than anxious for the future welfare of custodians and have allowed an immunity not previously allowed by the Laws.

Alteration

A facet, not always stressed in discussion about this alteration to Law 12 is that now the referee can legislate against "tactics that hold up the game"—that is holding and bouncing the ball without moving from the spot. The new rule restricts the goalie but by the same token also implies that a goalkeeper in possession should not be chivvied. If this was part of Mr. Jagger's "entertainment" it was savage amusement. It's OUT. Curiously enough there was not an incident in World Cup games of our national eleven challenging foreign goalkeepers—the one great difference in play which has antagonised Continental crowds for a long time—against the "English style".

Now the referee who stands around "watching a 'keeper being harassed in possession is at least condoning ungentlemanly conduct." Who says that? No one less than the Football League secretary, Mr. Alan Hardaker.

So there it is. In a nutshell, the goalie must get rid of the ball, and the player must let him do just that. After all "the play's the thing." Incidentally, a 'keeper would not get sent off for arguing that he had taken more than four steps now would he Tom? For dissent from this or any rule there's first a caution, then dismissal for persistent dissent. A goalkeeper who can't see the writing on the wall, or can't take a friendly hint not to run into trouble, must be "thick". He has no place in the modern idea of the game. Mr. Jagger has found no one in his circle in favour of the rule. In my circle, which involves the amateur enthusiast of the game, I've found no one against it. FIFA are on the ball. They have had this in mind for long—too long some would say. At last they've acted. It's no use "coughing against thunder" as the Spanish proverb says.

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UNITED HELD BY HIBS

MALTESE NEWS

Arthur J. Leaver

THE European Cup Competitions. Whilst the Hibernians go down gamely to England's crack Manchester United, Floriana fail to press home advantage against the weaker NAC Breda.

In the first leg competitions of the European Champions' Cup and the European Cup-Winners' Cup, the Maltese teams of Hibernians and Floriana were engaged in matches which they both lost by the score of 4 goals to 0 and 2 goals to 1 respectively.

Football in Malta generally stops in May and commences in October, however, since the Maltese teams have been competing in these European competitions they had to change their system by commencing play much earlier. This is, of course, only confined to teams playing in the European Cups. The reason why football is laid off from May to October is due to the very warm weather which coasts to an average of 80-90 degrees F. in summer.

Therefore when Maltese teams are playing in the European Cup our locals are at a great disadvantage as they are definitely not yet prepared for highly pitched football. This has been one of the main reasons for the poor performances of Maltese teams in these competitions.

Disadvantages

This year, besides the obvious disadvantages which Maltese teams encounter when they play abroad, due to the lower standard of the local game, the Hibernians, the Maltese champions from Pawla, happened to have been drawn against the crack English team of Manchester United. As was to be expected the Maltese team lost by 4-0, but nevertheless, though adopting a highly defensive game, which some writers have described as not being football, there was not the expected massacre which all expected.

The Hibernians, unused to wet grounds, floodlights and English football happened to keep the score down to two goals in each half.

Whilst the Hibernians' defence felt the loss of their regular defender Louis Theobald (brother of Eddie who was playing), they had in Alfred Mizzi a first class goalkeeper whose international experience stood him in good stead against the polished Manchester forwards whom he defied time and again. The match at Old Trafford, attracted a 43,912 crowd. United's goals came from David Sadler in the 12th minute and Denis Law in the 43rd. In the second-half the same players scored in the 58th and 62nd minutes respectively.

BRIAN KIDD (dark shirt) in action for Manchester United against Hibs of Malta at Old Trafford. (Green.)

On the same day that the Hibernians were holding Malta's name high in England, Floriana, taking part in the European Cup-Winners' Cup competition, were endeavouring to register a win at home over the little known Dutch team NAC Breda.

However, though Floriana equalised after Breda had opened the score in the second-half, they failed to keep out Breda who later got their important second goal and then defended grimly.

The match was played in perfect weather before a large crowd who were bent on seeing a home win. But, it was not to be. Floriana playing much better for most of the game failed to press home their obvious advantages.

The game on the whole was bereft of thrills and there were few shots at goal. Play was in the main mostly in midfield.

In the second-half play was much livelier, the proceedings being kindled with excitement when Breda went ahead by a goal from Visschers four minutes after the start with a perfect header following a corner. Floriana were quick to react and the equaliser came exactly two minutes later when Buttigieg connected with a high ball from Caruana to take the Dutch goalie Van Der Merwe by surprise.

Then when Floriana were having their best period, Breda scored against the run of the play with a goal again from Visschers, who scored with a hard shot after a solo run.

No equaliser

Breda who likely would have been content to hold on to a draw, sealed their defences after this stroke of luck and Floriana tried in vain to get the equaliser.

The draw for the 1968 Youth competition run by EUFA having been made, Malta have been drawn against Italy, in Group C of the competition.

For this competition, France will be the hosts. Eight teams have been entered in the final groups, namely, France the hosts, Russia the holders, and Greece, Scotland, Portugal, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and Holland. Sixteen nations are to play in eight preliminary rounds; six nations who did not reach the last 16 last year when the competition was held in Turkey were automatically admitted.

The Malta team will be selected by MFA coach Tony Formosa, from 24 possibles, and the first round must be completed by March next year.

SCOTTISH NEWS —from page 11

Besides which, they have shown their willingness to spend. Soon after transferring Jim Scott to Newcastle, they made the surprise move of bringing his brother, ex-Rangers and Scotland winger Alex, back from Everton for a fee of around £13,000.

Scott is, of course, on the 30 mark, and will hardly see the international arena again.

But in Scottish First Division football, he can still hold his own with all but the very best. Besides which, he has given Edinburgh's soccer fans, starved of success and glamour for so long, a name that means something.

Kilmarnock, too, were unfortunate with their £10,000 buy from Dundee, centre-forward Kenny Cameron, as the little fellow's goalscoring flair quickly made him a favourite with Rugby Park fans.

Yet not enough money is being spent by Scottish sides on the fringe of everything that happens. I know they cannot compete with Rangers and Celtic for finance, but they could—or many of them at any rate—make more of an effort, or that gulf between Glasgow's big two and the rest is going to be more difficult than ever to bridge.

BELA WAS A BAD BOY

THIS is one way of watching a soccer match. . . The time: October 1939. The place: Hungary. And the man at the right? Well, you'll never guess. Bela Guttmann, world famous ex-coach of Benfica.

Browsing through old copies of a Hungarian pictorial sports journal (Kepes Sport) I stumbled on this photo. The caption says:

"Guttmann, the SBTC trainer now debarred from the ground, watching his team's match through the fence."

What happened in October 1939? I went through many other issues but found no reference to Guttmann's punishment. The only thing I managed to discover was that at that time SBTC played in Division II and that week scored a 10-1 win over Beregszasz.

Today Guttmann is a celebrated elder statesman among coaches while SBTC, pride and joy of provincial Salgotarjan, plays in Division I.

Perhaps one of "World Soccer's" Continental correspondents could help solve this old mystery by asking Guttmann what happened in 1939? And while he is at it, he may as well ask the old maestro whether that part of the fence in the picture was broken—or did he knock it out?

★ ANDREW DETTRE

AJAX FOR HONOURS?

by Eric Ooyman

IN Holland the new season is well under way. Again Ajax of Amsterdam are much fancied to become champions for the third year in succession. The opposition, however, seems to be stronger. Feijenoord, still the most popular club in Holland, have improved their attack by buying outside-right "Paja" Samardzic from FC Twente. Samardzic who came from OFK Beograd forms an international wing with Ove Kindvall from Sweden.

The popularity of the Rotterdam team was shown in the last few matches they played at home. Against RC Strasbourg, an Intertoto match, 43,000 turned up and for a friendly against Crystal Palace, unknown to Dutch football fans, 32,500 had the turnstiles clicking! The Philips Sport Vereniging (PSV) of Eindhoven almost bought a new team. Goalkeeper Pim Doesburg, who already played for Holland, came from Sparta Rotterdam, Frits Soetekouw from Ajax and Danish international Bengt Schmid-Hansen from Vejle BK. The PSV internationals Miel Pijs and Lambert Verdonk left for Sparta and outside-right Piet Giesen for Fortuna '54.

The only remarkable transfer fee Ajax paid was for the talented SC Telstar goalkeeper Heinz Stuy who is able to replace captain Gert Bals who is almost 31 years old now. Ajax have now taken over much of the fame of the Feijenoord team who reached the semi-finals of the European Cup in 1963. After a very bad season in 1964-65 when Ajax finished only fourth from the bottom with the strange goal average of 52 goals for and 51 against, the two following campaigns brought the Amsterdam team all the glory and put them on the Dutch football throne. Rinus Michels, who played centre-forward for Ajax and the Netherlands, took over the job from Vic Buckingham who could not bring the Ajax stars (read individuals) together, when the season was halfway. The first match under the guidance of Rinus Michels, the players still call him Mr. Michels, will always remain in the memories of the Ajax fans. The Ajax team seemed to be injected with a kind of secret elixir and they ran riot against MVV of Maastricht (9-3).

The Ajax forwards scored 79 goals in 30 matches in 1965-66 and last season they put up a new record by scoring 122 goals in 34 matches. Both the Rotterdam teams, Feijenoord and Sparta, were beaten by five clear goals and three times Keizer-Nuninga - Cruyff - Swart scored eight goals: 8-0 v. Elinkwijk and 8-3 v. MVV at home and 8-3 away to GVAV. Ajax were ranked amongst the European top clubs when they beat Liverpool so heavily. Only a couple of unfortunate matches against the more experienced soldiers of Dukla Prague put an end to their European Cup dreams. In Prague, Ajax were beaten by an undeserved penalty and an own-goal of Frits Soetekouw with only three minutes left.

Twenty-year-old Johan Cruyff is the idol of the Ajax fans. Seeing him for the first time one considers him too small to be a centre-forward. But he can do almost everything with the ball and by his remarkable speed he is able to avoid a tough contact with his opponents. Last season he scored 33 goals and became Dutch topscorer! Ajax offered him a four-years contract which he accepted while his best friend, ouside-left Piet Keizer, signed a contract for six years.

The defence has improved a lot since Velibor Vasovic, who scored Partizan's goal against Real Madrid in the 1966 European Cup final, brought in his experience.

SPEAKING PERSONALLY

● *Continued from page 37*

really mattered in the final analysis was—to win.

I have spent a considerable time with the great Hungarian team—you are quite right, they were great in every sense of the word, and the *raison d'etre* for them was not entertaining, displaying their technique or "art for art's sake" demonstrations, but to win. How to win was the key to every "secret" team talks behind closed doors, how to win was behind every tactical innovation or well-rehearsed move. Those players could win a match and fascinate the crowd at the same time, but can you reasonably expect the same from, let's say, the players of Darlington? As for Bobby Moore, he is a marvellous footballer, he could walk into any team in the world today and he is equal to the giants of the past. It is unfair to single him out as a "worker" rather than an "artist" on the evidence of one careless mistake.

My last short letter goes to the French sports daily, *L'Equipe*. In your excellent match reports you usually describe the "going" alongside the result, goalscorers, attendance and gate receipts. I liked the panache of your reporter covering the West Germany v. France international played in the Olympic Stadium in Berlin. He simply wrote, "pitch — well repaired after the military parade!"

Yours sincerely,

LESLIE VERNON.

FOREIGNERS IN THE BUNDESLIGA

by Eric Ooyman

IF one industrious selector should form a team out of the foreigners playing for the German Bundesliga clubs this team could be reckoned as one of the favourites for the German championship.

This is, of course, impossible as the DFB have decided to allow only two foreign players per club. At the start of the 1967-68 season, 23 foreigners were playing for the 18 Bundesliga clubs, divided as follows:

TSV Alemannia Aachen

Newly - appointed technical director Fritz Hack, who was a journalist in South America, brought two players with him from that continent. The most famous is Horatio Troche (14/2/1936) who played 49 matches for Uruguay. Troche played for Cerro and Nacional Montevideo and for River Plate of Buenos Aires. Juan Carlos Borteiro (19/5/1943) became top scorer in Ecuador last season where he scored 24 goals for Barcelona Guayaquil. In Uruguay he played for Penarol. Troche broke his arm during a friendly against Lokomotiva Sofia which will take four or five weeks of the League.

SV Werder Bremen

The champions of 1965 have two Danish players from BK 1909 of Odense. Ole Björnmose (7/5/1944) already played 12 matches for the North Germans last season. He played twice in the Danish junior team. More famous is John Danielsen (13/7/1939) who played 27 matches for Denmark and four for the juniors. This wing-half played 85 matches for Werder.

FC Schalke 04

The club from the mining district of Gelsenkirchen also have two foreign stars. Zarko Nicolic (16/10/1938) was capped 17 times for Yugoslavia and he came from Vojvodina Novi Sad. From the famous Polish club Górnik Zabrze who became champions of Poland for the fifth time in succession, came Waldemar Slomiany (1/11/1943) who will play as a wing-half.

Hamburger SV

Horst Schnoor who once played a leading role in the HSV goal will be replaced by the experienced Turkish 'keeper Ankos Ozcan (2/10/1939) who came from Austria Vienna. He played 27 matches for Turkey.

Karlsruher SC

Karlsruher SC lost their Yugoslavian star Dragoslav Sekularac (or "Seku" as he is nicknamed) to "wild" USA football. The club signed Gérard Hausser (28/10/1941) from RC Strasbourg. Hausser will play as an outside-left. He played 14 times in the French team.

VfB Stuttgart

Stuttgart are very satisfied with the two foreigners they already have. Gilbert Gress (17/12/41), French international, played 40 matches for Stuttgart and Bo Larsson (5/5/1944) a Swedish international, played 30 matches in the red and white colours. Gress came from RC Strasbourg and Larsson from Malmö FF.

Meidericher SV

Djordje Pavlic (28/8/1938) needs no introduction to the Duisburg fans. He played 53 times in the blue and white MSV hoops. He came from Vojvodina Novi Sad and played 14 matches in the Yugoslavian team.

1st FC Nürnberg

The brothers Serge and Zvesdan Cebinac were playing in Holland. Zvesdan Cebinac (8/12/1939), 21 caps, has played for Partizan and Red Star Beograd and for PSV Eindhoven before he was signed by the Club, as FC Nürnberg is called in Germany. His brother Serge is still with Sittardia in Holland. Gustl Starek (16/2/1945) will form a wing with Cebinac in the FCN attack. Starek played one "B" international and 10 junior matches for Austria. He came from Rapid Wien and played also for Simmeringer SC.

Hannoverscher SV von 1896

Hannover are strong challengers for the championship as they spent over a million DM for a new team. They bought international Josef Heynckes from Borussia Mönchengladbach and Josip Skoblar (12/3/1941) from Marseille. Skoblar played for OFK Beograd and was capped 35 times for Yugoslavia. Outside-right in the attack will be Kaj Poulsen (31/12/1942) who played 55 matches for Hannover. He came from Vejle BK and played four "B" internationals and two junior matches for Denmark. The Hannover attack will read as follows: Poulsen, Heynckes, Skoblar, Bandura.

1st FC Köln

Milutin Soskic (1/12/1938) played about 45 matches in FC Köln. As a torwart (goalkeeper) he soon became the hero of the Köln fans. Soskic played 52 matches for Yugoslavia and was in the Partizan Beograd team that reached the European Cup final in 1966. For the latter team he played 373 matches.

1st FC Kaiserslautern

Twenty-two matches Andrea Ankovic (16/7/1938) played for Kaiserslautern last season. This speedy winger played 18 matches for Yugoslavia and came from Hajduk Split, the Yugoslavian cupholders.

SG Eintracht Frankfurt

Eintracht Frankfurt, managed by former trainer of Holland and Benfica Elek Schwartz, have a fine wing-half in Istvan Sztani (19/3/1937) who played 25 junior matches for Hungary. Via Hungary and Standard Liege, he came to Eintracht. Another former Partizan Beograd star is Fahrudin Jusufi (8/12/1939) who has already played 50 matches for Eintracht. He has also played 53 international matches for his country.

TSV München von 1860

The Munich club (nickname, the Lions) have two Yugoslavian players they do not want to lose. Petar Radenkovic (1/10/1934) is one of the best goalkeepers in Germany, despite his unorthodox way of goalkeeping. He has made several records about himself (he is a good singer too). Radenkovic came via Red Star and OFK Beograd and Wormatia Worms to 1860. He played three "A" and 12 "B" international matches. Wing-half Zeljko Perusic (23/3/1937) has played 100 matches for the club. He came from Dinamo Zagreb and was capped 28 times.

BTSV Eintracht Braunschweig

The German champions, who started the season with an 0-1 defeat against Feijenoord, signed Michael Polywka (6/4/1944) from the East German club FC Carl Zeiss Jena. Polywka, who played in junior matches for East Germany will play in the midfield three.

BRIAN GLANVILLE from page 27

we play only friendlies; 46 last season, of which only seven were lost. People have tried, mistakenly, to tell us that it is all to do with the pro-proletarian bit, our willed indentification with the upsurging scholarship boys who are now dominating so many aspects of peripheral English life. But we know they are hopelessly wrong, that our romance with the game began before many of the New Wave people were born.

Playing it has changed one's life in curious ways. To an extent fantasies *have* been fulfilled; if not—remotely—that of captaining Arsenal, at least that of captaining a Chelsea Casuals team which beats the ex-Charterhouse team with ease. One is larger now and heavier, more resourceful if less nimble. One learns embarrassingly much about the people one plays with and against; there is nothing—outside sex—quite like a violent team sport for laying character bare. Courage, selfishness, violence, cowardice, reliability, duplicity; all are exposed, in the most surprising contexts and quarters. Figures who seem all cold aplomb at literary cocktail parties, all jolly banter on the film set, are revealed with sudden, shocking clarity in different colours.

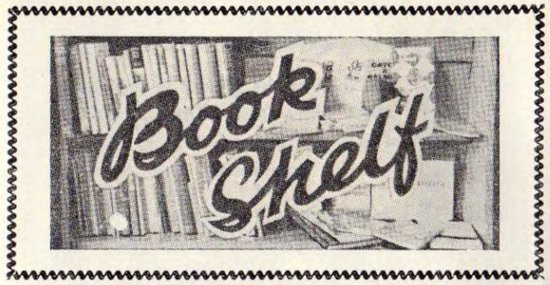
The very necessity to keep a team harmoniously together has forced strange changes in one's own personality; from natural dissident to co-ordinator, from recalcitrant to organiser, from anarchist to mediator — all, of course, in the selfish interests of getting an enjoyable game once or twice a week. The body, besides, is somehow given back to one, even though its reminders —the dislocated shoulder, the pulled hamstring—can be very painful. Life is no longer lived just on paper or in the head; it becomes urgently physical.

If I have not explained my passion for the game, I did not really hope to, for it stays obscure even to myself. If I have made no converts, I did not intend to. Sport, on the whole, is a bore to me; I would not cross the street to watch anything but a soccer match, unless it were in the line of duty.

But I know that I shall go on playing soccer till I drop, and watching it while my eyes hold out. "Do you think," asked a literary editor, earnestly, as we came back by subway from an Arsenal match, "you'll be doing this in twenty-five years' time?"

"Yes," I answered.

"So shall I," he said.



I RETURNED from holiday recently to discover enough new books on my desk to ensure that I would not be short of soccer reading material for a good many hours.

As a great admirer of Bobby Charlton, both as a footballer and as a person, I chose his latest book, **Forward for England** (Pelham Books, 30s.), to read first **(writes PHILIP RISING).**

Professional footballers' autobiographies tend to follow very similar lines (some say once you have read one you have read them all) but Charlton, with the aid of Neil Durden-Smith, tells a story that is at least different and a little more imaginative.

Perhaps he found this possible because he has already written one autobiography and although he reiterated the early days in his long and distinguished career he could afford to quickly move on to other topics.

He discusses in length the 1966 World Cup and also the two other World Cup finals in which he was a member of England's party; and some of the great players in the world that he has played with and against.

Mrs. Cissie (Elizabeth is her real name) Charlton, the mother of Bobby, is not going to be short of reading material in the near future. Her other famous footballing son, Jackie, also has an autobiography on the market.

Entitled **For Leeds and England** (Stanley Paul, 21s.), it tells of his early days with Leeds United, when the club was in the doldrums and the transformation that took them from the brink of the Third Division to the top of the First.

Jackie Charlton's book is no better and no worse than other footballers' autobiographies and he, too, tells of the 1966 World Cup. Who hasn't?

I have often stated in the past that I am no lover of instruction manuals but, judging from the number that are published, there must be a market for them.

Soccer for Thinkers (Pelham Books, 30s.) is written by Malcolm Allison, assistant manager of Manchester City and described by his boss at Maine Road, Joe Mercer, as probably the best coach in the game.

Soccer for Thinkers is aimed at footballers of all ages and coaches, too, and he certainly has some new ideas to put forward.

In the same vein is **Soccer the Modern Way** (Stanley Paul, 18s.) by Bobby Moore. Frankly, I have read it all before although some of Moore's approaches and techniques are a little different.

The object of the book is to encourage the reader to help himself by practising the skills described and by thinking about the game.

After autobiographies and instruction manuals it was refreshing to find a book that was entirely different. **Great Masters of Scottish Football** (Stanley Paul, 21s.) is written by Hugh Taylor, one of Scotland's most respected journalists.

I found it most interesting reading as Taylor examined and compared the great names in Scottish football of vastly different eras. He also reveals little known stories (why did Billy Steel lambast his own teammates) in a way that will appeal to fans of all ages.

World Football Handbook 1968 (Mayflower-Dell, 5s.), compiled by Brian Glanville, is invaluable, splendid value for money and a must for any true enthusiast.

It contains all the facts and figures of more competitions (domestic, foreign and international) than I have space to mention.

I guarantee that no purchaser will be disappointed and I can't say more than that.

Soccer the International Way (Kaye and Ward, 16s.) is edited by Kenneth Wheeler and contains articles by such personalities as Bobby Moore, Gordon Banks, Jackie Charlton, Geoff Hurst, Martin Peters, Roger Hunt, Joe Mercer, Matt Gillies, John Carey, Les Cocker, Peter Thompson and Gordon Jeffery.

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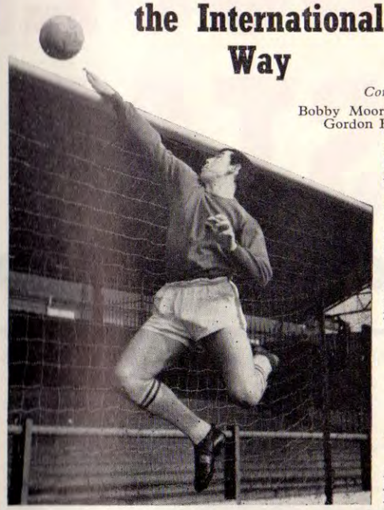

Contributors include: Bobby Moore, Gordon Jeffery, Gordon Banks, Geoff Hurst, Jack Charlton, Peter Thompson, Roger Hunt, Martin Peters, Leslie Cocker, John Carey, Matt Gillies, Joe Mercer. Sir Stanley Rous writes the Foreword.

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